Saturday Review

JUNE 5, 1954 / 20¢

I FOUND AMERICA, by Thurston Macauley

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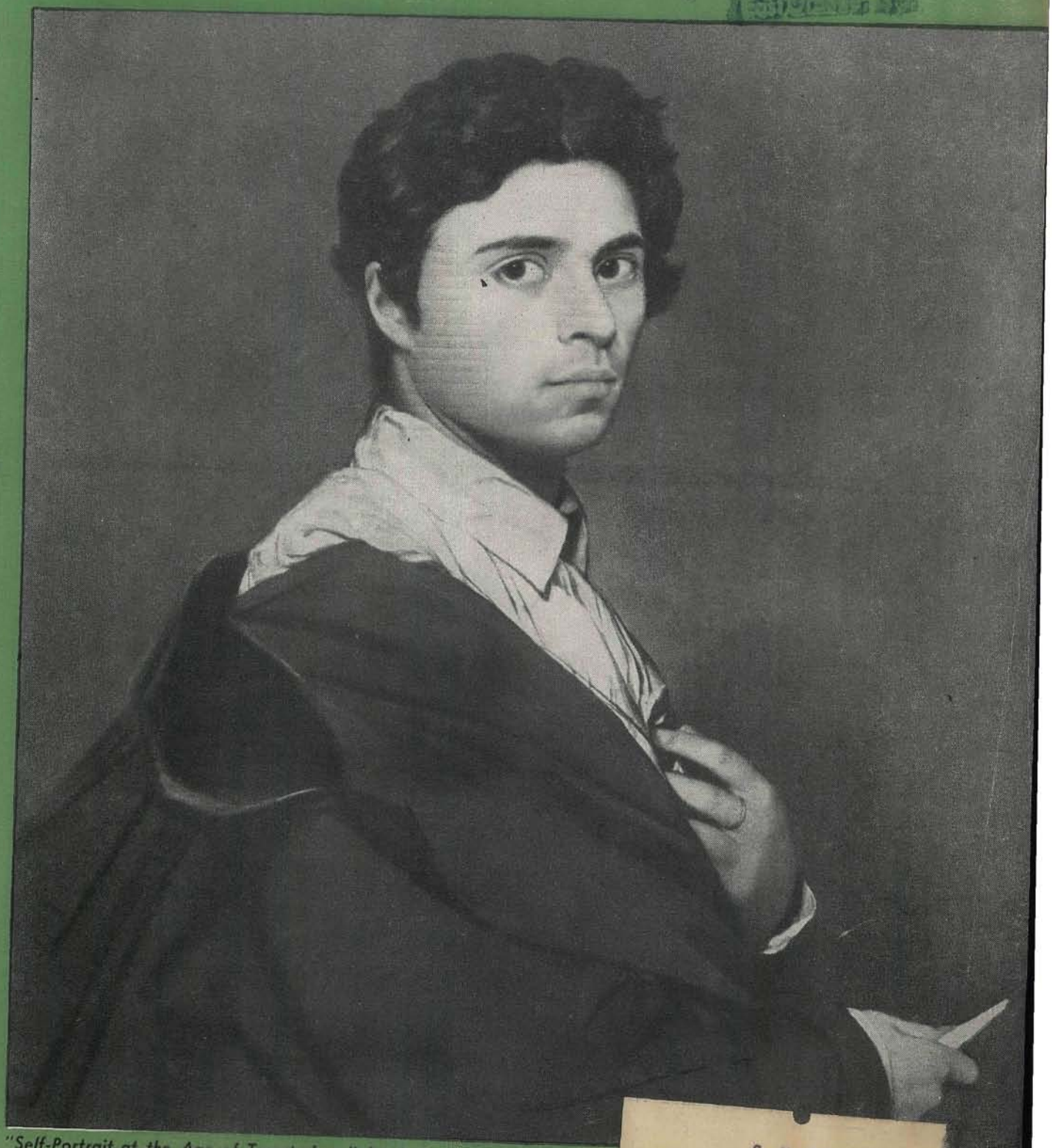

"Self-Portrait at the Age of Twenty-four," by J. A. D. Ingres (See page

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MISTER IMAGINATION, by George Kaz

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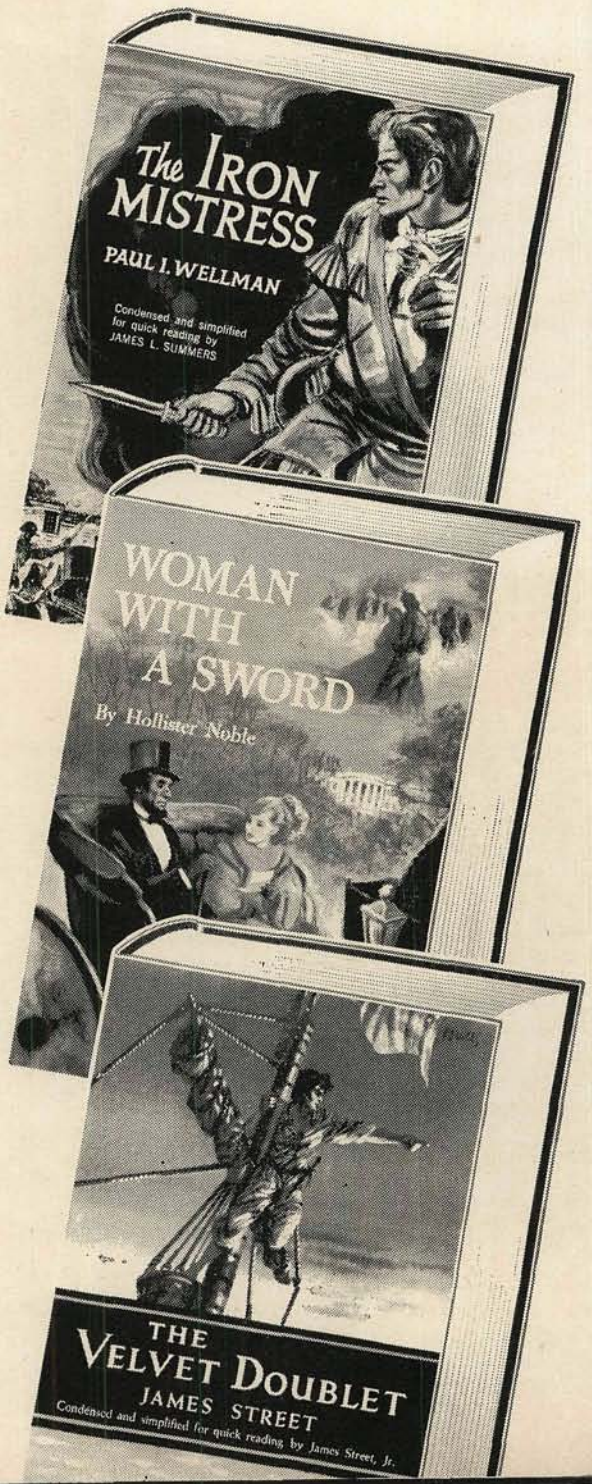
The Iron Mistress
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By Hollister Noble
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Garden City, New York

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SR's Library Poll

AT the foot of the poll *SR* notes this week the appearance of Harriette Arnow's "The Dollmaker," a novel about a Kentucky hillbilly lost in the jungles of Detroit. This work received critical attention as warm as has any fiction this year. One above "The Dollmaker," #19, are collected eye-witness reports about little men from little worlds beyond the blue creeping over our familiar hills. The critics have been less enthusiastic about this entry than the readers.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
4. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
5. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
8. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
   by E. B. White (G)
9. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
10. **Seven Years in Tibet**
    by Heinrich Harrer (G)
11. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
12. **The Man Who Never Was**
    by Ewen Montagu (G)
13. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
14. **The Song of Ruth**
    by Frank Slaughter (F)
15. **Away All Boats**
    by Kenneth Dodson (F)
16. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
17. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
18. **The Cobweb**
    by William Gibson (F)
19. **Flying Saucers Have Landed**
    by Desmond Leslie (G)
20. **The Dollmaker**
    by Harriette Arnow (F)

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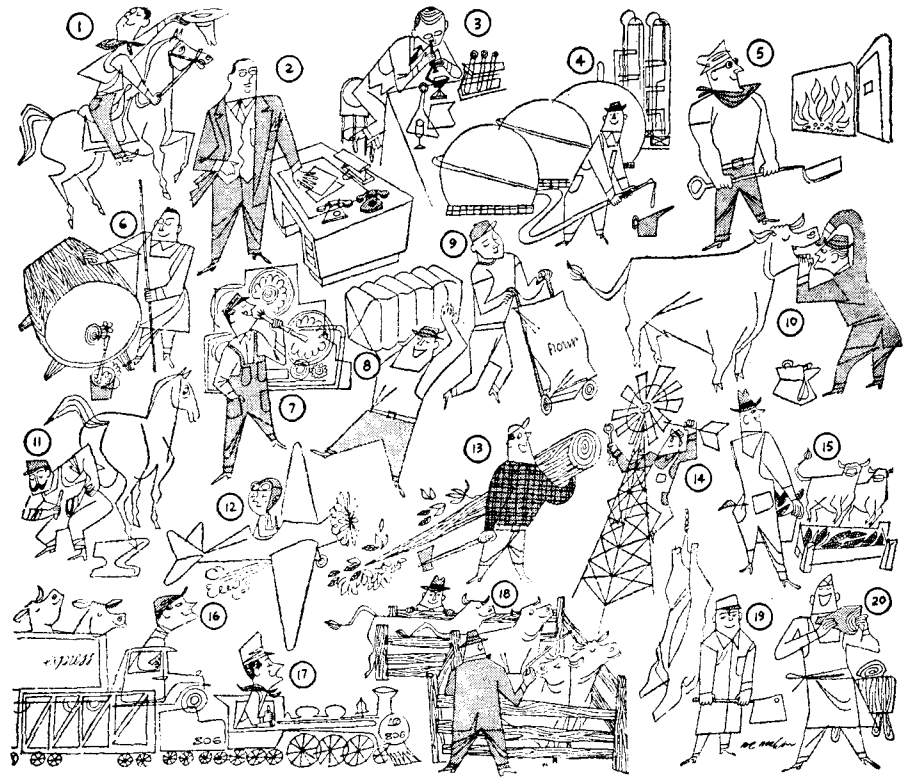
Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

How many people does it take to make a steak?



When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
6. **The brewer—7. The sugar refiner—8. The cotton ginner—9. The flour miller** who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.
10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. **The truck driver—17. The railroader** who haul cattle to market and meat to you.
18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

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CHICAGO

The Saturday Review

JUNE 5, 1954

Cover Drawing: A photograph of the self-portrait in the Musée Condé, Chantilly. Long after he was twenty-four the artist revised this picture to its present form; the pose is very similar to that of another Ingres self-portrait in New York's Metropolitan Museum.

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST HEARTENING development, in my opinion, in the publishing world this year is the resounding success of Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free." Its immediate rise to the very top of non-fiction best-seller lists in every corner of the country should give beleaguered liberals and "egg-heads" in general heart at a time when the lads on horseback seem to have thrown all discretion to the winds and are riding wide if not too handsome in all the wrong directions at the same time. Thank heaven for the Elmer Davises, and Ed Murrows, and Gerald Johnsons, and Cecil Browns in days like these—and a deep bow, too, to the sponsors who, despite all pressures, continue to allow their strong voices to be heard!

The fact that "But We Were Born Free" bears the imprint of Bobbs-Merrill underlines the fact that something new has been added to that fine old, but hitherto ultra-conservative Indianapolis firm. However, extreme rightwingers throughout Indiana have one fact to console them. Elmer Davis may be voicing sentiments in his book that are alien to their philosophy, but after all he's no foreigner: just another Hoosier like themselves, gone astray from good old *Chicago Tribune* traditions, perhaps, but probably still loyal enough to holler if Malenkov climbs in the back window.

If there's one book on the spring lists you *must* read—and pass on to unreconstructed Peglerites—it's "But We Were Born Free." And let his concluding sentence, "This republic was not established by cowards, and cowards will not preserve it," keep ringing in your ears!

ELMER DAVIS WAS NOT the only thing folks in Indianapolis were buzzing about when I arrived there to address the Theta Sigma Phi journalistic sorority. The movie version of "The Moon Is Blue" was playing for its *thirtieth consecutive week*, breaking all previous records into smithereens. When the basketball season ends, a young Indianian's fancy obviously turns to love. . . . At Ohio State University, in Columbus, Prexy Howard Bevis told me of the garden party he had hosted last Spring. The last guest barely had arrived, with festivi-

"I've written the Great American Novel. It's an autobiography."

About a sharply comic and profoundly moral novel:

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF OLIVE*

by Dunstan Thompson

Dunstan Thompson's novel (just out) is set in London today—in that corner of Belgravia where aristocracy and wealth deign to lend a well-bred hand to the arts. The action begins on the morning before one of those splendid dinner-parties that have helped make the social reputation of Lady Katherine Diss, Washington-born peeress, patroness of literature, beloved by England's most romantic elder poet.

THE ARGUMENT

Lady Katherine—outwardly a success, inwardly a failure, and intelligent enough to know it—dominates her talented son. The question WILL HE ESCAPE *is the crux of an intellectual cops-and-robbers chase that develops as the hour of the dinner-party approaches and the invited guests meet and clash in a series of tense dialogues. It reaches its climax—when the guests are gathered—in a melodramatic explosion.*

The characters are as entertaining a group as was ever assembled, in white tie or Molyneux gown, around a candle-lit table. They include a literary agent, a publisher, a fatuous foreign-correspondent, a fading poet ready to sell his memoirs in the hope of a *succès de scandal*, and a delightful Monsignor who would give his soul to be a saint but, knowing this to be an impossible bargain, settles for urbanity and charm.

While the portraits are not always kind, the total attitude is one of compassion. The author, whose early education was under the aegis of the Sisters of Notre Dame, the Jesuits, and the Augustinians, tells his story out of a deep commitment to the ethical principles of the Roman Catholic Church, of which he is a member. A novel for readers susceptible to wit—and to morality. Price $3.75 at all bookstores.

—SIMON AND SCHUSTER,
Rockefeller Center, New York

*It is the first novel by the poet whose first collection of verse we published in 1943. Its author was then co-editing (with HARRY BROWN, who later wrote *A Walk in the Sun*) a lively poetry magazine called *Vice Versa* which ceased publication when its brilliant young editors entered the army. MR. THOMPSON has since published two more books of poetry, one in England where he now lives.

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ties working up to the proper pitch, when Dr. Bevis, stepping inside the house for a moment, was distressed to note that the party seemed to be breaking up en masse. Very much put out, he hurried to the garden to see why everybody had gone home so early—and at the same time. He discovered that somebody had tripped over an electric wire, whereupon all the temporary lights were extinguished. The polite guests thought they recognized a hint when they saw it. . . . In Columbus, too, I had the opportunity to see what a bang-up job Larry McHugh was accomplishing in the Lazarus book department, presided over formerly by the late and deeply loved Lulu Teeter.

APPLETON CENTURY'S NEW THREE-VOLUME "Cyclopedia of Names," edited by the indefatigable Clarence Barnhart, belongs on your reference shelf if you

can find room for it, next to Webster's Biographical Dictionary and H. W. Wilson's "American Authors" (which needs bringing up to date). When seeking data on living Americans, however, experience has taught me that the latest "Who's Who in America" usually is worth all other comparable compilations put together. . . . Engrossing story of a washed-up

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 572

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 572 will be found in the next issue.

WVDR HEDRW QTBJI QTRM

EKR TEKH QV ORQ, YTRJ

QTRM EKR KREUUM TEKH

QV QEIR.—QEUUXUET

FEJITREH.

Answer to No. 571

In America there are two classes of travel—first class and with children.—Robert Benchley.

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Foreword by JULIAN HUXLEY

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—*The New Yorker*

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theatrical luminary who fought her way back to the top: "I'll Cry Tomorrow," by Lillian Roth, with valuable assists by Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank. You'll be seeing this

one on the screen. . . . The novel workshop of the New School (West 12th Street, New York) either has developed a magic formula for turning out successful practitioners or has been particularly fortunate of late in its choice of students—or both! Graduates of the course have had no less than twenty-one novels accepted for publication in the past six years. Best known to date is William Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness," but keep your eyes on such other graduates as Sigrid de Lima, William Michelfelder, Mario Puzo, Jefferson Young, Mac Hyman, and Thomas Gallagher. . . . Coming: from World—a collection of pieces by Clifton Fadiman; from the University of Minnesota Press—a much-needed comprehensive study of the laws of obscenity and the censorship of books both in the USA and England, by Robert McClure and William Lockhart, professors of law at U. of M.

IT'S A SORRY REFLECTION on the state of current fiction in America that the Pulitzer Prize committee, not too finicky in other years, couldn't find a single novel worthy of an award this year. Furthermore, nobody seriously questioned the omission, though here and there a hesitant voice was raised for one or two of the more likely contestants published in 1953.

The novel I enjoyed most in recent weeks has been John Brooks's "A Pride of Lions." I was attracted to it because I had enjoyed his previous book about high nabobs at Time-Life, "The Big Wheel," because I had heard its central character was a young editor in a book publishing house, and because a critic I respect

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1053)

L. MUMFORD:
(MIRROR OF) A VIOLENT HALF CENTURY

If our civilization is not to produce greater holocausts, our writers will have to regain the initiative for the human person and the forces of life, chaining up the demons and releasing the angels and ministers of grace we have shamefully incarcerated.

In this age of the common man, is our culture becoming common too?

HERE is a provocative, stimulating discussion of the problem by twelve distinguished writers, who analyze what's wrong with American culture, and suggest what can be done about it. They focus their attention on mass communications and education, and make a plea for greater concentration on individual taste, and less on the desire to please everybody at the same time. This book brings together writings that originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
on the Tyranny of the Average

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
on Books

ALISTAIR COOKE
on the Press

GILBERT SELDES
on Radio and TV

NORMAN COUSINS
on the Creative Artist

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG
on Business and Culture

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD
on Higher Education

JOHN W. DODDS
on Humanistic Values

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—WALLACE FOWLIE, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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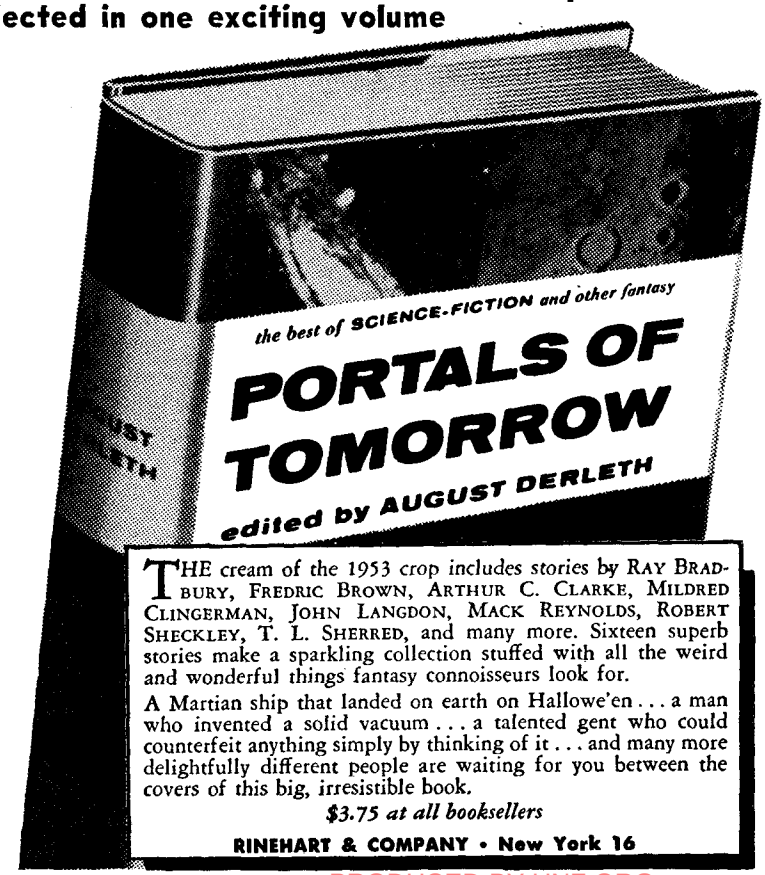

THE cream of the 1953 crop includes stories by RAY BRADBURY, FREDRIC BROWN, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, MILDRED CLINGERMAN, JOHN LANGDON, MACK REYNOLDS, ROBERT SHECKLEY, T. L. SHERRED, and many more. Sixteen superb stories make a sparkling collection stuffed with all the weird and wonderful things fantasy connoisseurs look for.

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emphasized its "Marquandian" qualities. (There's never been a Marquand novel I didn't find richly rewarding.)

The only trouble with "A Pride of Lions" is that most of the characters, like the ones in Tennessee Williams's "The Glass Menagerie," are the sort of dedicated bores from whom you'd run like a startled doe in real life. Indomitable pride of ancestry and rigid adherence to a code long out of date may be admirable qualities in their way, but possessors thereof are not necessarily the ones with whom you'd care to be stuck for a long, rainy weekend!

The scene of John Brooks's novel is the town of "East Bank," whose citizens can be in midtown Manhattan in a few short hours, if they can tolerate the Pennsylvania R.R. One critic is sure Brooks is describing Red Bank, another nominates Wilmington, and an executive at Harper's, his publisher, insists it's Chester, Pa. Unless the author specifically denies it, however, I'll string along with those who think "East Bank" is, in reality, Trenton, New Jersey.

IN BEN HECHT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "A Child of the Century," he recalls a dinner at Publisher Horace Liveright's nobby home in New Rochelle at which historian Hendrik Van Loon complained, "You shouldn't fill your sanctum with rag-bag creatures. You waste your time on nobodies with holes in their pants." "It's not always a waste of time," Liveright reminded him. "I recall one nobody with holes in his pants—a dishwasher from Greenwich Village—who, happily, got in to see me. His name was Hendrik Van Loon, and he persuaded me to look at his manuscript, 'The Story of Mankind.' I published it, and it made us both rich!"

RESIDENTS OF CHAPEL HILL are partial to a tale of D. C. Jacobsen's about an extremely frugal member of the University of North Carolina faculty. This worthy gent, it appears, had just drawn $35 from his bank, bent upon acquiring some reference tomes at Paul Smith's Intimate Bookshop. No sooner had he turned away from the paying teller's window, however, than his path was blocked by the formidable figure of Native Son Kay Kyser, the popular band leader, who retired while he was about three millions ahead.

"I'm bound for lunch," announced Kay. "How's for coming with me?"

"Love to," agreed the professor. Then, glancing down at the seven crisp five-dollar bills in his hand, he added hastily, "I'll join you as soon as I've made this deposit."

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 5, 1954

MISTER IMAGINATION

By GEORGE KENT

With science-fiction so much in the ascendant these days, a reconsideration is in order of the creator of that genre, Jules Verne, whose best sellers of the nineteenth century so accurately predicted the technological achievements of our times.

BACK in the 1880's a big red-bearded man came to call one day on the French minister of education. The receptionist looked at the card and his face lighted up. Hurrying out from behind his desk, he pushed an armchair toward the visitor. "Monsieur Verne," he said reverently, "pray be seated. With all the traveling you do, you must be tired."

Jules Verne should have been worn out. He had gone around the world 100 times or more—once in eighty days. He had voyaged 60,000 miles under the sea, whizzed around the moon, hitchhiked on comets, explored the center of the earth, chatted with cannibals in Africa, bushmen in Australia, Indians on the Orinoco. There was very little of the world's geography that Jules Verne, the *writer*, had not visited.

Jules Verne, the *man*, was a stay-at-home. If he was tired it was merely writer's cramp. For forty years he sat in a small room of the red brick tower of his home in Amiens, turning out in longhand, year in, year out, one book every six months—more than 100 altogether. Verne himself had made visits around Europe and North Africa, and one six-week tour of New York State. And that was all. The world's most extraordinary tourist spent less than one of his seventy-seven years *en voyage*.

His books are crowded with hunting and fishing expeditions, but Jules went hunting only once. Then he raised his gun and—poof!—shot the red cockade off the hat of a game warden. The only fish he ever caught was on a plate at the end of a fork.

Though he never held a test tube in his hand, Jules Verne became a stimulus and inspiration to the scientist in the laboratory. He had TV working before simple radio had been invented: he called it phono-telephoto. He had helicopters a half century before the Wright brothers, dirigibles before Zeppelin. There were, in fact, few twentieth-century wonders that this man of the Victorian era did not foresee: neon lights, moving sidewalks, air conditioning, skyscrapers, guided missiles, tanks, electrically operated submarines, airplanes.

Beyond any doubt, Verne was the father of science-fiction; he was years ahead of H. G. Wells, Conan Doyle, Aldous Huxley, and the other great visualizers of things to come.

Nor was he simply an entertainer. He wrote about the marvels of tomorrow with such precise, indisputable detail that he was taken seriously. Learned societies argued with him. Mathematicians spent weeks checking his figures. When his book about going to the moon was published, 500 people volunteered for the next expedition.

Those who later were inspired by him gladly gave him credit. Admiral Byrd, returning from his flight across the North Pole, said Jules Verne had been his guide. Simon Lake, father of the modern submarine, wrote in the first sentence of his autobiography: "Jules Verne was the director general of my life." La Cierva, inventor of the autogiro (now the helicopter), acknowledged his debt to the author, as did Georges Claude.

—*Illustrations from Bettmann Archive.*

"An oyster of extraordinary dimensions."

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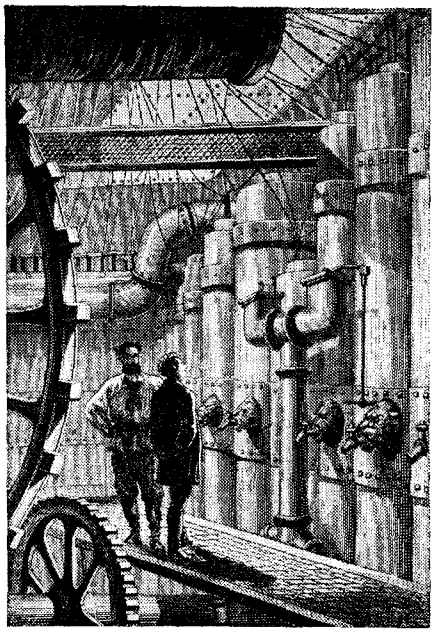


Engine Room of the *Nautilus*.

creator of the neon lamp. Auguste Piccard, balloonist and deep sea explorer, Marconi, of wireless fame—these and many others agree that Jules Verne was the man who started them thinking. France's famous Marshal Lyautey once told the Chamber of Deputies in Paris that modern science was simply a process of working out in practice what Jules Verne had envisioned in words.

VERNE, who lived to see many of his fancies come true, was matter-of-fact about it all. "What one man can imagine," he said, "another man can do."

Jules' father was a lawyer; his mother was descended from one of the great families of France. Their son was born on the island of Feydeau, near Nantes, in 1828. Napoleon had just died, Wellington was prime minister of England. The first railroad was only five years old. Steamers were crossing the Atlantic but they still carried sail to supplement their engines.

From the windows of his home the boy Jules could see the masts of sailing ships, watch fishermen's nets drying, smell oakum and hides and spices. At the age of eleven he was playing on the wharves with a childhood sweetheart who said she would like a string of red coral beads like those the sailors brought back from their voyages. Jules solemnly promised she would have one, and that same afternoon was on board the bark, *Coralie*, about to sail for India, signed on as a cabin boy. Fortunately for his later admirers, a friend of the family saw him go on board and told the family. His father fetched him home, spanked him, and put him to bed.

At eighteen, Jules was in Paris to study law, but he was more interested in writing poetry and plays. A thin young fellow of middle height with wonderful teeth and a shock of red hair, he was witty, impudent, and devil-may-care.

One evening, bored with a fashionable *soirée* which he was attending, he left abruptly and slid gaily down the banister. At the bottom he slipped off and landed squarely on the paunch of a stout gentleman about to ascend the stairs. Jules blurted out the first thing that came into his head. "Have you had your dinner, sir?" he asked.

The other replied that he had—he had dined wonderfully on an omelet made in the style of Nantes.

To this Verne retorted: "Bah, no one in Paris can make one!"

"Can you?" asked the stout fellow.

"Of course—I am from Nantes," said Jules.

"Very well, then, come to dinner next Wednesday—and cook the omelet."

With that, he handed the young man his card and continued up the steps. It was Alexandre Dumas, author of "The Three Musketeers," the toast of the boulevards, France's most popular writer. You could have knocked Jules over with a breadstick.

Knowing Dumas confirmed young Verne's desire to be an author. Together, he and Dumas wrote a play which had some success. But more important, Jules, urged on by the older man, made up his mind he would do for geography what Dumas had done for history. He began spending his days reading and writing and forgot completely that he was in Paris to become a lawyer.

His father, impatient with the boy's neglect of his studies, cut off his allowance. Jules obtained a small job in a theatre, but the years that followed were lean ones. "I eat beefsteak that a few days ago was pulling a cart through the streets of Paris," he wrote to his mother. Once he ate nothing but dried prunes for three days because he had spent his food money on a set of Shakespeare. He was ragged and cold. "My stockings," he told a friend, "are like a spiderweb in which a hippopotamus has been sleeping."

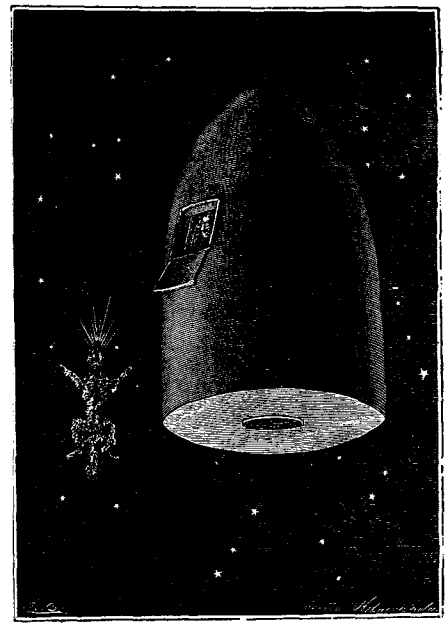
When his mother wrote that she was sending him some new handkerchiefs, Jules sent his thanks in a note signed, "my nose." "No more will I have to be rubbed clean on a rough sleeve," said this nose. "Now I look forward to the joy of plunging into the delicate beauties of Dutch *batiste*."

Though his father had deprived him of his allowance, Jules remained the devoted, loving son. He wrote regularly, even when he was a middle-aged, successful man. He discussed his books, his projects, his dreams, and rarely took a step without first seeking parental advice. It was this strong family feeling which kept him a church-goer and a religious, even puritanical man in gay and pleasure-loving Paris.

Cocky, good-looking, and "irresistible" to the ladies, Jules promptly fell in love. At a party he happened to hear the young woman remark to a friend that her "whalebones" were killing her. Jules, never able to resist a gag, piped up: "How I would like

(*Continued on page* 39)

"On top of the projectile."



"It was the body of a satellite."

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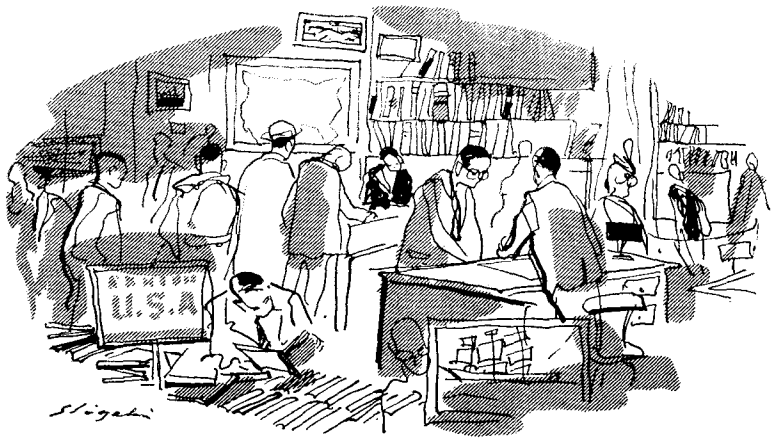

I Found America

By THURSTON MACAULEY

ONE of our chief concerns, during my several years as an information officer at the American Embassy in London, has been that ever important matter of Anglo-American relations. Our government officials, from the ambassador down, have rarely neglected to refer to it in their public utterances and statements. For my part, however, the best object lesson I ever had in this vital issue of mutual understanding was provided by a recent fortnight I spent in Leeds as the only American with our traveling exhibition "USA Today." It was the fifth and last town in the British Isles to be visited by our show, after Edinburgh, Manchester, Newcastle, and Leicester.

The Yorkshire industrial city was a far cry from Grosvenor Square, or "Little America" as it has been known ever since the last war. The transition involved much more than the mere miles between dingy old Kings Cross station in London and Leeds Central. I was plunged instantly into a vastly different world, an entirely new milieu. The change was considerably greater than it would have been for one of my opposite numbers in the British Information Service to quit Washington for a fortnight in, say, Detroit or Kansas City. Yorkshire folk seemed, by and large, much friendlier than Londoners. I liked being called "Luv" by strange old ladies; but I could not for the life of me conceive how these towns with their tall smoking chimneys and soot-blackened buildings ever managed to produce people of such bubbling and spontaneous good humor.

Most of the time, from ten in the morning until seven o'clock closing time, I sat behind the Information desk (under a large colored picture of President Eisenhower) in a corner of the drafty Fenton Street Drill Hall—unprepossessing and off the beaten track, but the only premises available—between a section devoted to the American home and a library of some 500 volumes that provided a good cross section of our general and technical books, with fiction only on the juvenile shelves. The little library was manned, for the exhibition, by volunteers from the Leeds Public Library. People were told that if they didn't find the books they wanted, they should write to the U.S. Government libraries in London or Edinburgh and the books would be sent on loan post free.

During my Leeds fortnight I had to answer a steady barrage of questions on a variety of topics ranging from Senator McCarthy to the climate in California. Many persons stopped to talk with me just because I was American; in such cases I took particular pains to cultivate an authentic Yankee accent, mine having suffered from long service in foreign parts. Most frequently I was asked for information on emigration to the States; usually I had to refer the visitor to the nearest American consul at Manchester (the Bradford consulate was recently closed for economy), explaining that the exhibition was not designed to add to our increasing population.

"What *is* the purpose of the exhibition?" many demanded.

"To help improve relations between our countries by making you better acquainted with us and our methods, our ways of living and doing things," I would reply. The exhibition was carefully planned so as not to give any impression of boasting about the American Way of Life: for comments on our achievements in productivity and standard of living, for example, we quoted from the published reports of British industrial teams that had been to the United States.

Once in a while someone would turn up who was skeptical of our motives.

"Ah've coom to many exhibitions in t' hall," one man remarked in broadest Yorkshire. "They've all been commercial like, all had summat to sell. All but yours, that is. Ah don't get it, lad."

In a sense, I suppose, we were selling something too; admittedly we were trying to win friends and influence people along the lines of better understanding. While answering questions, I kept handing out official publications dealing with our history, government, education, economy, labor unions, and social problems, and a pictorial map of the United States. The most popular were two publications in size and looks very like our slick magazines: "The Land and the People," which opens with two full pages of Walt Whitman's "I Hear America Singing," and concludes with the story of Johnny Appleseed, and an excellent seventy-six-page "Outline of American History" (which hadn't caught up to Eisenhower as President) prepared by the State Department.

Very rarely did visitors leave the Information desk empty-handed (the trouble was keeping grubby-handed youngsters from coming again and again). I suspected a few spurning our pamphlets of being Communists who were having a quick look around and were unwilling to risk contamination by our literature.

"Books cost lot o' brass," a visitor would comment. "'Oo's payin' for 'em?"

"The United States Government," I said. "That is, the American taxpayer."

AND I don't think many of our taxpayers would begrudge the expense if they could have been by my side at Leeds and seen the faces, young and old alike, light up at the sight of the bright, well-printed brochures, if they could have seen the library jammed by book browsers, the exhibition cinema packed for the hourly showings of our documentaries, if they could have heard the music section resound with recordings of Burl Ives and Gershwin (one request for bebop proved fruitless).

It was surprising the number of

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Draftsman Extraordinaire

"The Paintings of Ingres," by Georges Wildenstein *(Phaidon Publishers-Garden City Books. 246 pp. 120 plates, eight in full color. $12.50), is a* catalogue raisonné *and album of the works of the great nineteenth-century French artist. Below Thomas B. Hess, managing editor of* Art News, *considers it in the light of his contemporary reputation.*

By Thomas B. Hess

ART critics often claim, with a touching if pardonable respect for their profession, that painters' reputations are made by other critics—usually in conspiracy with a "coterie" of museum officials and collectors. Actually, a painter's reputation lives or dies from the respect it is held in by artists themselves. Artists form our taste and even the way in which we see things, so today we may see Picasso in the face of a girl, Mondrian from a city window, Miro at a baseball game. Critics, historians, museum directors, even trustees follow, rightly or wrongly, in the thoughts of their contemporary artists. And nowhere is this more evident than in the reputation of Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, who was born in 1780, nine years before the French Revolution, and died at eighty-seven, three years before the debacle of the Franco-Prussian War. He started in the aristocratic landscape poignantly recollected by Chateaubriand, he died not far from the infected slums of Zola.

Today we look at Ingres with the help of three generations of avant-garde painters; our interpretations can be refreshed by the insights of Baudelaire—Ingres' declared enemy who nevertheless always recognized the master's stature. But just as most of our avant-garde artists remain unappreciated, so Ingres' paintings still are misread in terms of nineteenth-century stereotypes, and are praised or dismissed in irrelevant or superficial judgments.

In his lifetime, Ingres was a major power acting on European art and taste. Historically he was the last of the official master-artists. After his death, when a State confidently ordered a painting to commemorate its virtues, it would get glossy rubbish, or something very different from its intentions and dreams of self-embodiment—like Picasso's great mural of the Spanish Civil War. Ingres was made a member of the French Senate; the citizens of his native town, Montauban, sent him a gold wreath bought by popular subscription: Napoleon III personally decorated him with the cross of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. The old man was part of the nation's public glory; his prestige was equivalent roughly to that of Bernard Baruch's today.

Obviously the artist sought power, and used it in his field. Dedicated to art as purely and wholly as any modern painter (and here Ingres' attitude marks another watershed between us and the Ancien Régime), he was sure of his esthetic and of his ability to transmit it to all Europe. Posterity, too, he planned, would receive his solutions through his many disciples. The tragedy was that Ingres' esthetic was so personal, so difficultly formed, and so complexly embedded in his gigantic ego that it never could be bequeathed successfully. Thus, although his own pictures prophesied much of what was to come, and frequently reached perfection on their own terms, *Ingrisme* came to mean a hodgepodge of reactionary systems for a mass-production of questionable anecdotes. All *Ingrisme* could inherit was power; Academies of Beaux-Arts the world over marketed their vulgar versions of his nobility to railroad tycoons, best-selling diarists, and candidates.

In the few years it took to discredit this style (which today seems insouciant and gay, and has even found an amiable niche in neo-Victorian interior decoration), Ingres, too, was discredited. His opponents, the Romantics, under the leadership of Delacroix, assumed the role of progressive enlighteners, and this despite the fact that Delacroix and Ingres had more in common with each other than with any of their followers. Both were geniuses. Today, in spite of testimonials from Cézanne, Seurat, Picasso, La Fresnaye, and such distinguished American painters as Arshile Gorky and Willem de Kooning, Ingres' case still needs special pleading. It is not enough to take him on his own terms, and leave him at rest in the company of Raphael, Poussin, Flaxman (Wedgewood's china designer), J. L. David (his great teacher), and all the other inhabitants of the private heaven he devised in his "Apotheosis of Homer."

A WRITER recently described a visit to a picture exhibition by saying disgustedly that the room was full of chi-chi girls talking about "presences." Unfortunately this is a necessary term in a discussion of Ingres' masterpieces. In his portraits, nudes, historical and mythological subjects, a "presence" is expressed that is so strong and so inherent a product of the work that to ignore or to misname it becomes a mark of careless looking and responding. Ingres was one of the ablest draftsmen who ever lived, ranking with Rubens, Watteau, or Pisanello. But despite his virtuosity, he sacrificed endless amounts of energy to drawing and scrupulously redrawing and redrawing, in every medium, each form that would act as a gesture or expression or appurtenance. Notwithstanding the artist's famous dictum about line being the probity of art, his process of drawing was worked in depth, in meticulously ordered dispositions of modeling and perspective. Each circumstantial shape had to be fixed in the rigid ice of his form. From such obsessional concentration and ability came harmony and uniqueness. That area which is a forehead is an oval relating to other curves; it is in front of, yet a piece with the background; its flesh is like the arm, but is also part of the world of the silk shawl and gold chain.

Americans who have seen Ingres' portraits in the Metropolitan and Frick collections in New York, at the National Gallery, Washington, or in Cincinnati's Taft Museum have seen living documents of nineteenth-century France rendered with a psychological depth comparable to Stendhal. It was the period of genial monsters, and Ingres' ladies and gentlemen have the fire and frigidity of Lucien's worst nightmares (and this includes Ingres' self-portraits). But a fusion takes place between the recognizable and the invented, between the "speaking likeness" and the pigments themselves on the flat canvas. Perhaps this neither adds to nor detracts from Ingres' accomplishments, but it makes him particularly valuable to us, and close

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Because James Thrall Soby is devoting all his attention to the completion of a book on Giorgio di Chirico, his monthly column on THE FINE ARTS does not appear this week. It will be resumed with the July 3 issue.

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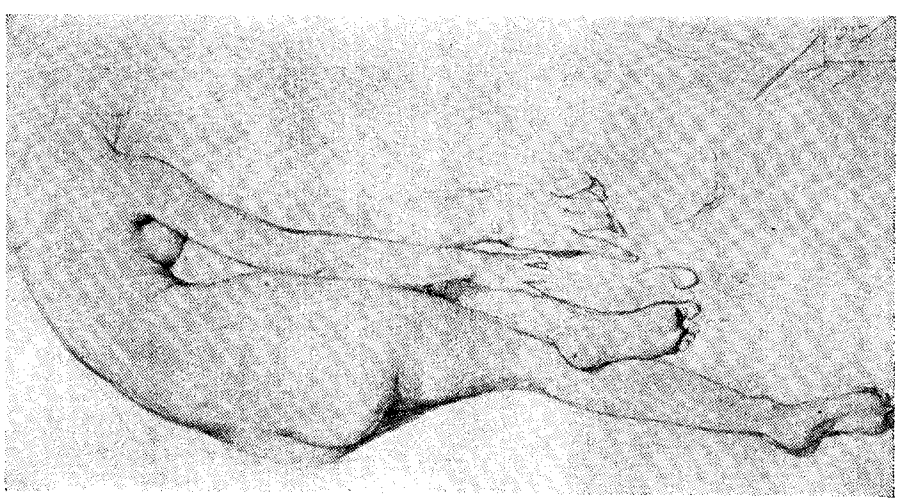
to our own aspirations of a perfection of form.

Ingres' monumental, final effort, like James Joyce's, is a circular, encyclopediac résumé of all he knew and loved and possessed with that consuming, awkward passion that made him a butt of so many jokes. The fabulous "Turkish Bath," now in the Louvre, reunites gestures and motifs from his earliest works, when he was a struggling young student in Italy under attack by critics for being (of all things) "Gothic." The big, operatic set-pieces are echoed in this chamber crammed with naked flesh and curious, lazy glances. The artist's mistakes—some inflated historical charades and cloying Madonnas—are rectified, and his talent is released as completely as any painter can ever dream of so full an effort. It marks an end to the savagely successful life of the last of the Renaissance masters who became one of the first of the moderns.

Phaidon Publishers's new *catalogue raisonné* of Ingres' paintings appears at a time when interest in the master is particularly appropriate. It was compiled by Georges Wildenstein, one of the giant art dealers of today. At least twenty-three paintings by Ingres have passed through his firm or are still in its possession. A labor of love was thus mixed with more habitual routines, but M. Wildenstein's generosity in undertaking his formidable task, and of financing the vast amount of research that went into completing it, has put us all in his debt. The catalogue, of course, is the primary contribution; it will interest scholars and collectors mainly. There are a few typographical errors, the reference system is cumbersome. Neither of these minor defects detracts from the usefulness of the apparatus. The bulk of the pages are given to illustrations, a few of which are in color. The halftones have a startling clarity and accuracy of detail, and alone recommend the book to everyone who has the slightest interest in what he can see. A brief introduction, in a rather Gallo-lyric vein, praises Ingres for most of the things he demanded he be loved for. There is a swift dig at some artists active after Puvis de Chavannes, who share M. Wildenstein's enthusiasms for Ingres, but for different reasons. The author, after all, speaks to a public of scholars, buyers, and sellers whose opinions rightly are based on history and who probably would smile indulgently at the idea of their Jean-Auguste being anything but the grand old hero we have all cheered since 1824. But the point not only is that Ingres was very much alive as an artist by 1804, he is as living today.

Drawing of Nicolo Paganini, the "demon-fiddler" (1819); now in the Louvre.



Sketch for the "Grand Odalisque" (1814); the oil was sold by the Princess de Sagan to the Louvre in 1899.

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FICTION

Ambivalent Trio

"The World in the Evening," by Christopher Isherwood *(Random House. 301 pp. $3.50), is an examination of the private lives of three persons in the literary world, disclosed through a series of Chinese boxes.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

IT is not cricket to make the review of a novel the summary of its story, but I do not know how to indicate the strength and weakness of Christopher Isherwood's novel, "The World in the Evening," except by indicating its narrative structure and its theme. The book opens with what has become the standard Hollywood opening: Stephen, a sensitive young man, married to a glamorous bitch, catches his wife out, or so he thinks, with a Hollywood character, and in a rage departs for a Quaker "aunt" near Philadelphia. Meanwhile, he mourns and is comforted by the memory of his first wife, the novelist Elizabeth. In his distraught state he allows himself to be hit by a truck; while recovering from breakage he rereads the letters of his first wife, and, alternating between the letters and reminiscence, reconstructs for the reader the tale of his first marriage, his infidelity to Elizabeth in the case of a man and in the case of Jane, Elizabeth's death, his marriage to Jane, and their unhappiness. Returning to the present, the novel presents us with a final interview between the hero (Stephen) and Jane after their divorce, during which it appears that Jane, partly out of rage, partly out of love, during the time of their marriage had sought out and suffered an abortion, for the reason that Stephen had more than hinted the child was not his own. I ought to add that Elizabeth was older than Stephen, that she had a heart ailment she concealed from Stephen, that she suffered a miscarriage, and that she has a final fatal attack while he is out playing around with Jane.

The novel is presented, as "Wuthering Heights" is presented, in a series of Chinese boxes. We begin with the present, get some glimpse of the past, return to the present, plunge wholly into the past (yet with some glimpses of the present), and in the third section return wholly into the present. The narrative of the past depends in part upon letters and in part upon an implausibly complete recall of the past by the hero, whose memory for conversation, for detail, and for feeling suffered years ago, is so miraculously good, one forgets for whole stretches the device used and is flung back into present time with something of a shock. Elizabeth's letters are supposed to be read by the hero, partly for comfort, partly for publication, of which he dreams. The difficulty is that they have to bear a double burden of dramatic narrative and "literary" superiority, which they are not always able to carry. Conversation in past and present time is always of the same order and, by and by, its monotony of phrase and rhythm, not distinguishing one speaker from another, becomes tedious.

WE come to the apologia for the homosexual, which is the theme of the book. The doctor who attends Stephen while he is in Pennsylvania has his boy friend; and in past time the attractive, but neurotic, Michael, with whom Stephen is unfaithful to Elizabeth, is also a homosexual. The three persons entrapped in this illness are attractive enough; and, I take it, the plea of the book is for a more compassionate understanding of this particular phenomenon. Each of the homosexuals is more or less unhappy, but it does not appear that any one of them is less unhappy than some of the "normal" persons.

The novel does not seem to me satisfactory, but I cannot trace its unsatisfactoriness to the homosexual

THE AUTHOR: "Must end now and rush off to a gym," Christopher Isherwood said crisply one sunny morning in Los Angeles last week. "I lift weights, along with a lot of other middle-aged businessmen." Before dashing off among the dumbbells, Isherwood, a British-born, American-naturalized, Vedantic-inclined merchant of prose, who has knocked around the world ever since he left England for Berlin in the late Twenties, commented on California—"I have thought of it as home for the past ten years, and I would never wish to settle any place else"; on the movies—"I have very little to do with the industry, in general, but it so happens that right now I am working for M-G-M on a story about Catherine de Medici, Henry II, and Diane de Poitiers, and it is a lot of fun"; and on "The World in the Evening"—"It has gone very very slowly." "I began writing it in 1947, put it aside to go to South America and do a travel book, took it up again in 1951, then got involved in John van Druten's dramatization of my story about Sally Bowles, 'I Am a Camera,' went to New York and England, and finally finished the novel last year," he said nonstop.

"The difficulty was that it turned out to be two separate novels, and they had to be disentangled," he added. "The second one I haven't written yet." Isherwood, who was called "Herr Issyvoo" in Germany and "Y Hsiao Wu" in China, has just about always gotten a book out of his travels. He went to Berlin in 1929—he was twenty-five then, with two semesters of medicine behind him—to visit W. H. Auden, an old schoolmate of his, and stayed around until Hitler took over. "The Berlin Stories" came out of that. Auden and he later toured Europe, collaborated on three plays, then left for China in 1938 to write "Journey to a War." Afterwards, he settled in Los Angeles, writing scenarios for kicks and "Prater Violet" for literature. A serious student of Hindu philosophy, he has translated books from the Sanskrit, including the Bhagavad-Gita.

—BERNARD KALB.

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theme. Rather, it seems to me, the trouble lies in the mechanism of the story and in the main characters. Stephen tells his own tale, and we are to understand that he is attractive to women—and to at least one man. The difficulty is that he is neither attractive nor unattractive, he is a mere shadow, a part of the mechanism of the plot. One does not have the conviction he is a three-dimensional being that one has in the case of Pip in "Great Expectations," who tells the story of his fall and rise far more expertly than does Stephen. Elizabeth is far too wise and good for human nature's daily food. She forgives, and understands, and pities, and deplores throughout her appearance in the novel, and I, for one, find her rather hard to take. The Quaker wisdom is embodied in Sarah, Stephen's "aunt," of whom I have spoken; Mr. Isherwood seems to vary between an amused, if affectionate satire, and the doctrine that, despite her human imperfections, she embodies the Wisdom of the Secret, to which in the end he and others come. Finally, there is Jane, whose bitchiness, by a Victorian reversal of character, proves in the last minute of play, so to speak, to be a covering for a passionate devotion to Stephen.

Were there space, I should like to cite some of the descriptive passages in the book, which are, in many instances, rather wonderful bits of writing. It must also be said that curiosity about the next development of the theme, together with expectation aroused by the device of removing veil after veil from the past, piques the curiosity of the reader. But the awkward mechanism of the structure, the monotonous lack of distinctiveness in the conversations, and the uncertainty about the chief characters, for me, at least, got in the way of my accepting the story as a first-class work of art.

I ought to add that much play is made with actual persons in the literary world, and the novel has something of the air of a *roman à clef*.

From "Mr. Hobbs's Vacation."

SUMMER AT THE SHORE: Affectionate, amusing, a kind of chapter taken from the autobiography of a married man. **"Mr. Hobbs's Vacation,"** by Edward Streeter (Harper, $3), is an account of a month spent by Mr. Hobbs, Mrs. Hobbs, and their entourage of daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren in a rambling, seaside house (rented sight unseen) that, to Mrs. Hobbs, is "ducky," and to Mr. Hobbs, "abandoned . . . sinister." Mr. Hobbs, an average mixture of dreamer and daddy, had turned into a sort of calendar-watcher waiting for his vacation to begin. He had envisaged all the wonderful things he'd do—sail, read, relax, study nature—only to find out when it was all over that he had been one hell of an envisager. The house turned out to be an architectural eccentric, things were constantly bustling, Mr. Hobbs's summer was a pleasant chaos. In "Mr. Hobbs's Vacation," Edward Streeter, an easygoing if occasionally obvious chronicler of family foibles, has done for summer what he did for marriage in "Father of the Bride." Any man who has been a father for even a day or two will recognize his own vacation in these 248 pages.

—B. K.

That Old, Roving Eye

***"The Black Swan," by Thomas Mann** (translated by Willard R. Trask. Alfred A. Knopf. 141 pp. $2.75), is concerned with the tribulations of a middleaging lady who becomes enraptured by a man only a few years older than her schoolboy son.*

By Ben Ray Redman

THOMAS MANN'S new novel, in its English translation, is called "The Black Swan"—the German title, "Die Betrogene," is more explicit—but it may be described fairly as a queer duck of a book. In fact, I think it is perhaps the strangest book that has come my way in almost thirty-five years of reviewing. At the outset I found it silly, in the end I found it brutal, and in between my emotions and my judgments changed with the turning pages. What, I wondered, was Mann trying to do?

In the beginning he seems to be writing with considerable sympathy, and many gynecological details, of a Düsseldorf lady in the midst of her menopause, who suddenly finds herself madly in love with a young American who is lingering in Europe after the First World War, and who is only a few years older than her schoolboy son. There is much talk of Nature and her beneficence—Frau Tümmler, the lady in question, is a great devotee of Nature. She can even go into raptures over the beauty of the menses; and she does so at length. Her daughter, on the other hand, is an artist and an intellectual, a foil for her sentimental mother. Their conversations are miracles of studied, stilted eloquence. They are absurd conversations that will be swept away by gales of the reader's laughter, unless he is able to steady himself with the thought that Mann is probably parodying a ridiculous style, long dead. But let us get back to the main argument.

Mann begins to write of Frau Tümmler's autumnal passion with apparent sympathy. As he proceeds there are increasing signs of impish humor beneath the smooth surface of his narrative. Then, what has appeared to be merely impish is suddenly seen to be truly diabolical, and the whole tale turns out to be a monstrous joke, a deception of matchless cruelty. Just when Frau Tümmler is ready to give her all to the young American, just when she is rejoicing in the belief that Nature has relented and made her again a completely

(*Continued on page 32*)

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—Acme.

Attlee at a Guildhall lunch with Ambassador Winant in 1942 "what sort of revolutionist?"

No. 1 Man, No. 2 Party

"As It Happened," by Clement Attlee *(Viking Press. 312 pp. $5), is the autobiography of the leader of the British Labour Party. Below it is reviewed by Preston Slosson, professor of history in the University of Michigan.*

By Preston Slosson

OF THE rulers of the modern world, Clement Attlee is one of the least known and has probably the fewest enemies. His critics and opponents tend to dismiss him with an indulgent smile as "a sheep in sheep's clothing," or "a modest man who has much to be modest about." Yet he defeated Winston Churchill, the most famous British statesman of the century, at the very height of Churchill's fame and prestige in 1945. In the next few years he transformed capitalistic Britain. Now he is again in opposition, but the leader of the opposition is usually the second most prominent figure in British politics. Just who is this soft-spoken captain of a revolutionary ship? Why did he accept socialism, and, more surprisingly, why did the Socialists accept him? He offers some clues in his autobiography, "As It Happened."

Certainly Clement Attlee did not seem marked out by destiny for his place in history. His boyhood, youth, and education were those of almost any middle-class English lad. It was only when he went slumming in the East End of London that he discovered he was a Socialist, and it was a type of "socialism that owed far more to the Bible than to Karl Marx" even then. He served, and rose to be a major, in the First World War, though his brother Tom went to prison as a conscientious objector: "We ended the war as near neighbors in Wandsworth—I in hospital and he in jail—but with no breach of our mutual affection." He had little use for the non-resistant pacifism of some Labour leaders, such as George Lansbury, and an equal repugnance to the Communism which attracted some British Socialists and the Fascism that engulfed others, such as Oswald Mosley. Indeed, he thought at the Potsdam conference that "the Americans had insufficient appreciation" of the danger from "the combination of Russian old-time and Communist modern imperialism which threatened the freedom of Europe." He believes that monarchy is good for the British Commonwealth, pays warm tribute to George V and George VI, and considers that Edward VIII's projected marriage to a divorcée made it impossible for him to retain the throne. He is unstinted in his admiration of the wartime leadership of Winston Churchill, and even in their postwar controversies he is mild in rebuke. What sort of a revolutionist is this?

Yet Attlee places on record his contempt, very strongly worded for so tolerant a party leader, of Ramsay MacDonald's compromise with capitalism in the crisis of 1931. MacDonald "had no constructive ideas," suffered from "vanity and snobbery," and perpetrated "the greatest betrayal in British political history." His Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, "had become a docile disciple of orthodox finance." When Attlee came to power after the war he decided that the party policy "was not a reformed capitalism but progress toward a democratic socialism." The nationalization of banking, of coal, of electricity and gas, of iron and steel formed part of his program. Welfare services were as widely extended as they have been in any modern country. He did much to liquidate the British Empire, in the older meaning of the word, and transform it into a commonwealth of equal nations. Of course, the Dominions had already acquired that status, but it was while Attlee was in office that Burma and Eire slipped away from all British connection, and that India obtained complete home rule. Nevertheless, ardent nationalists in Iran and Egypt still attacked the British as colonial imperialists. Attlee patiently and temperately states the British point of view in all these cases. Nehru, in his opinion, "showed high statesmanship" in retaining a nominal connection with the British Commonwealth.

Americans are always interested in what others say about them. In general, Attlee is pro-American. He liked President Roosevelt, and the policies of Marshall and Acheson. He thought the American labor movement too materialistic, and that John L. Lewis had "too much egoism in his cosmos." He opposed MacArthur's plan of carrying the war into North Korea; thought that France was too slow in establishing home rule in Indo-China; defended the British recognition of Mao's government "as being the real and effective government of China," and "agreed to differ" with us on Formosa. On European issues he comes much closer to American policy than on Asiatic, perhaps because all Englishmen want the defense of Western Europe to have highest priority. It is fortunate that in the present world crisis the leaders of both great British parties are personally friendly to us.

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Korea's Selfless Fanatic

"Syngman Rhee: The Man Behind the Myth," by Robert T. Oliver *(Dodd, Mead. 380 pp. $5), is a biographical study of the President of the Republic of Korea. Below it is reviewed by Harold H. Fisher, chairman of the Hoover Institute and Library, Stanford University.*

By Harold H. Fisher

SYNGMAN RHEE belongs to a small and uncongenial company of successful revolutionists who survived imprisonment and exile to become heads of state. Most of these successful rebels in this century have achieved their goal because someone else weakened or destroyed the regime they opposed. Some of them have been fortunate enough to be rid of their benefactors as well as their enemies. But Dr. Rhee still has to contend with the blindness or shortsightedness of the United States government whose support has been and still is important for Korea.

In "Syngman Rhee: The Man Behind the Myth," Robert T. Oliver tells with warmth, sympathy, and great admiration the story of Rhee's lifelong struggle against Korean absolutism, Japanese and Russian imperialism, and Communist subversion and aggression. From this telling two things stand out: his singleminded, selfless devotion to the liberation of his country and his absolute conviction that his way was the only way independence could be won and maintained. His life in the United States and after his return to Korea, as Mr. Oliver recounts it, is a succession of disappointing experiences with American officials from Theodore Roosevelt's Administration to Dwight Eisenhower's, and including General MacArthur's in Tokyo. These frustrations were relieved by many happy associations and personal friendships that in most cases endured. One such friend was Professor Woodrow Wilson, but when President Wilson would not approve Syngman Rhee's going to Paris to plead Korea's cause at the 1919 Peace Conference Rhee was "thunderstruck that his friend and hero was planning to sacrifice Korean independence for the sake of power politics."

Like so many other Asian revolutionists, Syngman Rhee picked up his revolutionary ideas from Americans. He went to a mission school to learn English, and with English he learned about the politics of patriotism, about self-government and the responsibilities and rights of citizenship. And he became a Christian. When in the late 1890's the Japanese began the "Asia for Asians" movement, they proposed to include the Koreans in a Confederation of All the Peoples of the Great East. Like most young Korean revolutionists, Syngman Rhee was anti-foreign, but he had no faith then or later in confederations or coalitions, especially when they included Japanese. As a member of the Independence Club he became a leader in organizing demonstrations and writing and secretly publishing propaganda subversive of the regime. Like many of his Russian and Asian revolutionary contemporaries, he was imprisoned and then sent abroad as a student with a political mission. After some happy years at Princeton, preceded by some not so happy ones at Harvard, he received his Ph.D.

When he was permitted to return to his native land after World War II Dr. Rhee found the Russians working to set up a "people's democracy" north of the Thirty-Eighth Parallel and the Americans trying to introduce American democracy in the rest of the country.

He could not get at the Russians, whom he detested, but he battled continuously with the Americans, of whom he despaired. General John R. Hodge, a first-class fighting general who had been assigned to Korea, about which he knew nothing, developed a great respect and admiration for and a determination to help the Korean people. But his fighting days were not over, for he was soon engaged in a bitter campaign of attrition with the tough old returned patriot, who was also determined to help the Koreans, and in his own way.

AS President of the Republic of Korea, Dr. Rhee has dealt summarily with his political opponents and, like some other Asian leaders, has established a kind of personal party that acknowledges the value of democratic principles but does not allow them to interfere with policies he believes are best for the nation. He has also, on occasion, dealt rather summarily with his allies. Mr. Oliver calls attention to the importance of Dr. Rhee's "decision to stand and fight" when the Communists attacked on June 25, 1950, and of his work in "alerting and inspiring the free world to rise up and stop the advancing tide of Russian imperialism." But he passes over the wider significance of the Truman-Acheson decision to lead the U.N. in upholding the principle of collective action against aggressions. This difference in points of view leads Dr. Rhee to look upon the truce as surrender to Communist aggression and the U.N. claim to have stopped aggression at the 38th parallel as "simply shallow verbalisms."

Since the truce President Rhee and Secretary Dulles have negotiated a treaty of mutual aid. To Mr. Dulles, the U.S. is committed to aid Korea in case of attack; to President Rhee, the U.S. and the U.N. are committed to fight Communist aggression until all Korea is free and united. Therefore,

—*Justus*, Minneapolis Star.

"Among Those Set Free."

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we must get the million Chinese troops out of Korea by one means or another, or admit defeat. Clearly, as Mr. Oliver points out, Mr. Dulles and Dr. Rhee did not have a genuine meeting of minds. Clearly, as the book shows, the only way to meet Syngman Rhee's mind is to agree with him, and that, in present circumstances, means incalculable risks. No argument from our side is likely to penetrate the indomitable spirit of this brave and obstinate friend, or move him from his position that "the war in Korea was lost by the Allies, when . . . with resolution it could have been won."

Real Statecraft

"Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy," by Jonathan E. Bingham *(John Day. 303 pp. $4), tells the story of Point 4, the program of building of mutual security throughout the free world, from its inception in 1949 to its present ambiguous existence. Here it is reviewed by Clarence R. Decker, assistant director of the Mutual Security Agency in the Far East in 1952 and formerly president of the University of Kansas City.*

By Clarence R. Decker

IS POINT 4—the "bold new program" of 1949—the "lost idea" of 1954? People in many parts of the world, particularly those for whom the fourth point in Harry Truman's historic 1949 inaugural address proclaimed a hopeful new conscience in foreign affairs, are seriously concerned with this question.

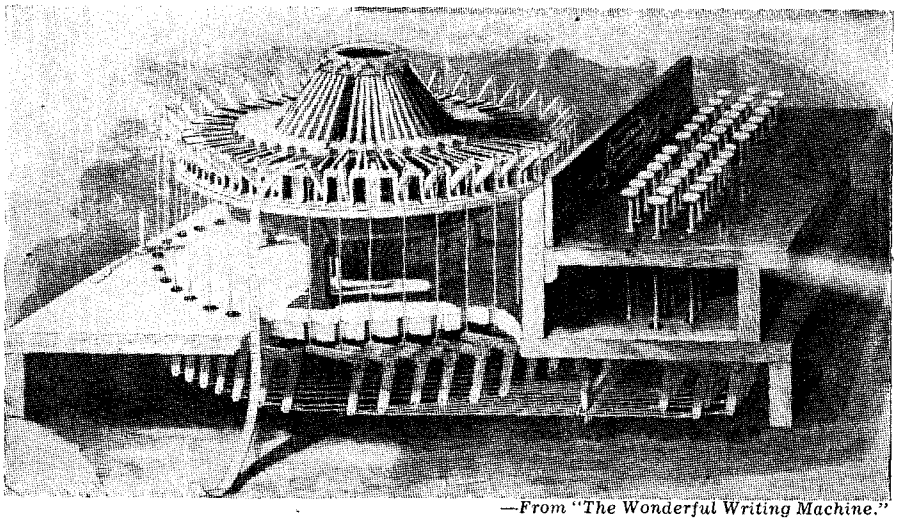
For all such, Jonathan Bingham's "Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy" makes a timely appearance; indeed, no one interested in the world's welfare should fail to read it. The published works on Point 4 are numerous (Bingham lists the important ones), but no other single volume, to my knowledge, excels "Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy" in telling the Point 4 story from the time of its troubled inception, through the five years of its rugged but rewarding development, to its present ambiguous existence.

The summary dismissal last year of most of the key members of the former TCA staff in Washington, the current drive to discourage the use of the term "Point 4," and, more important, the "integration" of technical cooperation and political and military strategy all strongly suggest that Point 4 is already the stepchild of a revived old-fashioned power diplomacy.

Official Washington, sensitive to the

(*Continued on page* 35)

ENGINEERS' DREAMS



—*From "The Wonderful Writing Machine."*

The original typewriter, 1856: the invention of Alfred E. Beach of New York.

Stenographer's Spade

"The Wonderful Writing Machine," by Bruce Bliven, Jr. *(Random House. 236 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Typewriter and the Man Who Made It," by Richard N. Current*** *(University of Illinois Press. 149 pp. $3.50), are accounts of the invention and development of the typewriter, the former giving some attention to the social changes it has wrought.*

By John William Rogers

THE MODERN typewriter has more than two thousand parts—some of them machined to a tolerance of seven ten-thousandths of an inch—and it is assembled by something like five thousand distinct hand operations. In eighty years, Bruce Bliven, Jr., points out in his book, "The Wonderful Writing Machine," it has revolutionized communications, helped in the dramatic expansion of business, increased profits by decreasing the cost of making them, freed mankind from drudgery and illegibility of handwriting, saved incalculable hours of time, given birth to a myriad of dependent business machines, and influenced language.

Close to three million persons today are formally studying typing, while tens of millions more use the machine with an intimacy that makes them regard it as a sort of auxiliary hand. Yet none of the many kinds of machines around which our lives are built today seems to be so taken for granted. One expert has suggested typewriters are too good for people. They work too well; if they were a lot more trouble, typists would be more interested.

Whatever the cause of our apathy, the story of the typewriter is so colorful and its impact on the world of business has been so revolutionary, it should not be forgotten. Mr. Bliven has made a useful contribution in recalling it. His volume, written in breezy journalese—sometimes descending to such slang phrases as "a swift pain in the neck" and "what burns scientists up"—is a lively example of skilful industrial prose. conceived to hold the reader's attention and at the same time to get over certain institutional values of the business under discussion. And while the volume does tell the story of how the typewriter as an invention came of age, the illustrations of the volume and its later pages suggest this book was conceived with more than a casual relation to the promotion department of the Royal Typewriter Company, "which makes more typewriters than any other firm in the world."

Mr. Bliven traces the idea of mechanical writing back to a patent issued in 1714 in the days of Queen Anne, but it was not until 1867, when the fifty-second recorded inventor tried his hand, that a writing machine turned up which demonstrated it had potentialities commercially. Chiefly responsible for this machine was Christopher Latham Sholes of Milwaukee. But even with the suggestions of others, Sholes's machine did not spring full blown from his brain. And indeed Sholes was inclined to discount its significance. It was a promoter from Meadville, Pennsylvania, James Densmore, who

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had faith in Sholes's invention the first time he ever heard of it, who made many practical suggestions as to its improvement and who, lacking capital, pioneered until he had so beaten down the public's resistance to the newfangled idea that the problem became not so much to win over business as how to meet new competitors in the field.

By modern standards, American business of seventy years ago was quaint indeed. The typewriter more than anything else changed it to what it is today, and the most delightful pages in Mr. Bliven's book are those which evoke the inside of late nineteenth-century offices and reveal the process of gradual invasion of women into business as "typewriters." This portion of the book enhanced by diverting contemporary illustrations has the appeal of a gay rendition of some old song like "A Bicycle Built for Two." After Densmore and his competitors got their writing machines definitely recognized as business assets, the story of how they set about selling typewriters and the prejudices they had to overcome makes a lively chronicle. An appealing tale is the development of the keyboard, and the progress of writing from the tapping of two fingers to the use of eight is a story in itself, as well as the story of the speed writers who were developed into teams.

Among the documents bearing on the invention of Sholes's typewriter which were preserved by the Densmore family were more than a thousand letters that passed between Sholes, James Densmore, and James's brother, Amos, who also was concerned with promoting the machine. These letters were placed at the disposal of Professor Richard N. Current of the University of Illinois, and in scholarly fashion, supplementing this correspondence with contemporary memoirs and publications, Professor Current in "The Typewriter and the Man Who Made It," has told in intimate detail the checkered progress of Sholes and the Densmores toward the introduction of the typewriter.

This play-by-play account of the three men—their hopes, heartbreaks, and quarrels, and their ultimate achievements—is perhaps too detailed to be of interest to many readers except special students of the history of the typewriter, but it is a valuable chapter of the full story to have available and it is a particularly striking example of the pioneer inventive spirit that played such a part in creating the America of today. Professor Current has added further significance to his researches by including clear illustrations of a number of the early models of writing machines.

Slide-Rule Fantasies

***"Engineers' Dreams," by Willy Ley** (Viking Press, 239 pp. $3.50), describes some of the ingenious schemes scientists have conceived for making life easier and more abundant, but which have yet to be transformed into reality. James Stokley, who reviews it here, is the author of "Science Remakes the World" and other books.*

By James Stokley

WHEN, ABOUT 1880, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Prime Ministers Gladstone and Disraeli, and other assorted British dignitaries inspected a tunnel extending from under the chalk cliffs near Dover for more than a mile beneath the English Channel, it seemed as if in a few years travelers could finally make an all-rail journey between France and England. For this was a pilot tunnel, one of the first stages of work on a project discussed since the beginning of the nineteenth century—a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. From Sangatte, on the French side, a similar pilot tunnel was being bored.

Despite the endorsement of the Queen, the Prime Minister, and many members of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the British War Office was firmly opposed on the grounds that it would destroy England's insularity. Advancing arguments that now seem rather silly, they halted the project. Many times later it seemed on the point of revival, especially after Louis Bleriot's first flight of an airplane across the channel in 1909 showed that, practically, British insularity no longer existed.

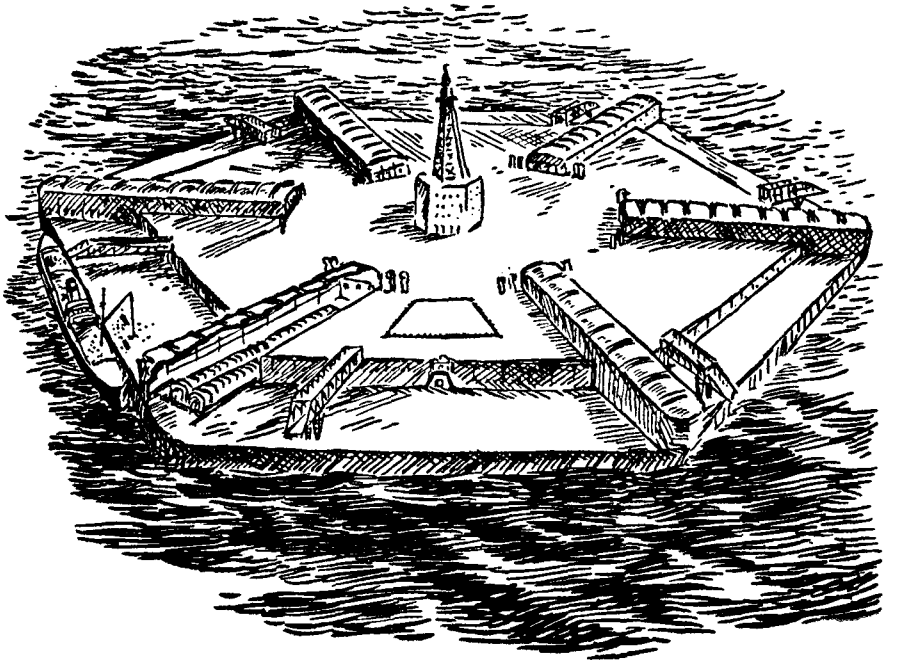
The French all along had favored the tunnel. In 1922 Marshall Foch said that it might have prevented World War I and, in any event, would have shortened its duration by one-half. Still the British were opposed, officially. As the Second World War approached it was again considered. At the time of Dunkirk, they doubtless wished they had it.

The two pilot tunnels are still there, and the latest plan calls for a tube combining three automobile highways with two railroad tracks. Perhaps it will still be used, in the opinion of Willy Ley, who tells the story of the "Forbidden Tunnel" in the first chapter of "Engineers' Dreams."

Lack of the huge sums required is one of the reasons these dreams do not come true: failure to convince commercial interest concerned that the expenditure is desirable is another. But, says the author, "the majority of engineers' dreams are still dreams, and may remain in that stage, because of political difficulties.

"Engineering projects are based on natural facts—say the outline of a bay or a valley or the course of a river. Political boundaries are sometimes based on similar facts, but as a rule they are the result of historical developments, with a good deal of chance thrown in, and the political boundary may cut across the project

(*Continued on page* 36)



—*From "Engineers' Dreams."*

The floating island—power by a thermocouple of surface and bottom water.

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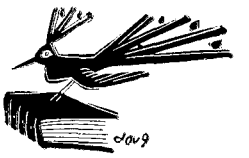
The Unpersuadable V



"Mine the Harvest," by Edna St. Vincent Millay *(Harper. 140 pp. $3), is a selection of new poems which she was preparing for publication at the time of her death in 1950, together with a few unpublished poems from an earlier period.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE poet Elinor Wylie once wrote to her friend and contemporary, in answer to the famous "Moriturus":

No, V———, you never will persuade me
That Death is other than a friend.
I can't believe the hand that made me
Shall so unmake me in the end. . . .

But "V" (Edna Millay's friends called her "Vincent") on her part was equally unpersuadable. Few poets, I believe, have been so consistent and bitter an opponent of a personal Death, from the high-hearted scornful gauntlet-throwing of the early poems to the weary and yet undefeated confronting of her ancient enemy on every hand in her last years. Like her Elizabethan master, Andrew Marvell, the chariot was always at her heels. She was haunted by the thought of the death of Youth, of Love, of honor and truth and beauty and lofty integrity in a world seemingly bent on its own destruction, the Race of Man expunging itself by its own hand. It was a theme that, with all her other themes of ardor and irony and mockery and youthful insouciance, was most recurrent.

"Mine the Harvest" is a selection from Miss Millay's last poems, poems which she was preparing for publication at the time of her death in 1950, together with a few unpublished poems from an earlier period. Because they are her last poems, there is a poignance and a tragic significance about the volume which moves the reader even beyond some of the poems themselves. It is not, sad to say, all in all her best book. Whatever it was, as she grew older, that so often oppressed and gnarled the pure lyric burgeoning of her poetry, is evidenced here. Whether she consciously or unconsciously attempted to force herself from the intensely personal and emotional vein of her poetry to a wider expression of a more universal and intellectualized scope and passion I cannot say. I never knew her personally. But from her published letters, from what other people have written about her, and her own changing style from the ecstatic and deeply personal immediacy of the early poems to the somber and more mature philosophy of her later work, I gather that she felt a tremendous obligation to speak not only for herself but for a world which she both loved and shrank from. It is this compulsion which so frequently invests those poems written in the flexible, long-line free verse forms which she turned to as early as "The Buck in the Snow," with their sometimes Whitmanesque quality of oratory and rather pontifical utterance; it was her anxiety (I feel) that an intellectual passion keep pace with an emotional passion which so increasingly troubled and labored her mature work. She was essentially a lyric and emotional poet, and her art, which belonged to that side of her nature, suffered in the attempt to express her maturer convictions, and under the weight of an active social consciousness.

And yet it is her own poetic vitality, her immense capacity for delight in the world of nature which she observed so lovingly and accurately and so unforgettably made plain, the intensity of her relationships, her responsiveness, her vulnerability, and above all else her unshaken dedication to her art, which made her, in the face of what she feared but never capitulated to, and under the bludgeoning of ill-health and an encroaching neuroticism, the truly great lyric poet which she was.

These qualities emerge in "Mine the Harvest," muted at some times, it is true, but at others triumphant; the marvelous graphic descriptions of the countryside and the Maine seacoast she loved so well, the quick perceptive reactions to divine commonplaces, the courageous defiance of meanness or stinginess or pettiness in any form, the stabbing irony, the contempt for expediency. In this book, among poems which if she had lived to edit it herself she might not have included in the final version, or might have reworked or surely completed, are lyrics in her best vein—notably "Song" and "The courage that my mother had . . ." There is an untitled long poem, beginning

This should be simple, if one's powers were great,
If one were God, for instance.
. . .

a poem of great dignity and nobility, ending with a ringing note of courage and affirmation. And there are among the sonnets a number with her characteristic combination of archaic elegance and earthy vigor, and that mastery of form which few poets have equalled.

It was, I am sure, a hard task for her executors to issue the posthumous volume of a poet who, of all poets, was most strictly her own judge and critic; whose faults, as she herself said, as well as her virtues were her own. And we can be properly grateful to them. Even if, as a collection, it cannot be called her greatest work, it is the final and moving utterance of a major lyricist, a poet who has left her stamp on her generation; a poet who early, in youthful defiance, said so stoutly and so truly:

Sexton, ply your trade!
In a shower of gravel
Stamp upon your spade!
Many a rose shall ravel,
Many a metal wreath shall rust
In the rain, and I go singing
Through the lots where you are flinging
Yellow clay on dust.

—*Nation-Wide Service.*

Edna Millay—"truly great lyric poet."

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Rutherford M. D.

"The Desert Music and Other Poems," by William Carlos Williams *(Random House, 90 pp. $3), is the latest work of the famous Rutherford, N.J., physician.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

POETRY
is one of the noblest works of man.
I believe that.
I believe, too,
that you can believe that
only if you believe
Man himself is noble
as William Carlos Williams does
as I
do
whenever I read
whatever he writes.
Never mind asking
as someone always asks,
"Is this poetry?"
What *isn't* poetry
when a poet looks at it?
Just as everything
that M. Jourdain looked at
was bound
to be prose.
But if you're a poet
like William Carlos,
"a dog injured in the street"
is poetry
because it takes you to
the source of nobility:
pity
and "the power of beauty
to right all wrongs."
But is he then
a social poet, the kind
that went out with the '30's?
No, Joe—
only a physician
(and a good one too, say the
patients
of Dr. Williams)
who says,
"I have found no cure
for the sick
but
this crooked flower."
A G. P.
who is a research man too
or a mage
(depending on your point of view)
he has found such wonderful
cures
as (once) "a red wheelbarrow"
or (now) "a crooked flower"
or even "the form of an old whore
in a cheap
Mexican joint
in Juarez"!
It's hard to explain
without seeming maudlin
except, he's a man
of letters,

W. C. Williams—"likes life and letters."

who likes life
as much as he likes letters.
finds music
in what is obviously a desert
and less obviously
music. "Men
against their reason
speak of love."

Notes

MEMORY'S DARK WOOD: Allan Swallow's New Poetry Series has to date issued ten slender volumes by poets who as yet have not attained wide recognition but whose work has both present distinction and future promise. **"The Eye,"** by Harvey Shapiro (Allan Swallow, $2), is a collection of lyrics by a young symbolist poet much concerned with Freudian imagery and "the dark wood" of memory. His idiom is modern, concise; and he analyzes and dissects his emotions with a curious impersonality, so that occasionally the intensity of feeling is drained somewhat of warmth. The imagery is occasionally obscure, but one feels a poetic integrity throughout his work, and many of the poems, in particular the group of four in "Battle Report," impress the reader with the real distinction of their content and expression. —S. H. H.

ATOMIC AGE VERSE: **"Three Poems for Now,"** by Gordden Link (University Press of Washington, D. C., $1.50) are moving and disturbing poems, dealing with the implications of the Atomic Age; a modern Jeremiad warning us of the peril to which Man has brought himself:

Look well upon the falling leaves
this year
for the skies themselves may fall
another season. . . .

The book is in three sections: "The Little People," "Pageantry of Doom," and "Perilous Insignia of Now." The subject matter, of itself extravagant in horror, is not extravagantly handled. Mr. Link neither shouts nor wails. These poems are explicit, graphic, written in passion and pity, but with discipline and clarity. The effect is considerable. The "Little People" concludes:

We might have risen sooner and
made our little ball
more than a futile slingshot
against the skies;
but we did not stir in time, we did
not rise,
and somewhere perhaps the
sound of faint Satanic mirth
will follow the little people and
their little star
spiralling in a space they could
not guess,
falling smokily afar
in little curves to nothingness.
—S. H. H.

MAGAZINE VERSE: Howard Moss, an authentic poet, feels constrained in the face of classical modernity to impose a quietus upon his romantic sensibilities in **"The Toy Fair"** (Scribner, $2.50), his second book of poems. He owes his title to a passage in "Finnegans Wake," Anna Livia Plurabelle's lyrical soliloquy in the closing section. Mr. Moss's toy fair is the world of his experience closed in by memory and the inward agony man in his travail endures. The surrealism of an earlier book has given way to formal poems. He has written a book of skilful first-rate magazine verse; two or three poems have more than a temporary interest.

Individual poems surprise by their authenticity. What disturbs reading them in the round is Mr. Moss's inclination to carelessness, such as, the overuse of "now" and "perhaps" till they become repetitive annoyances, and the question mark in his quest for *realizing* the *idea* in a poem. It seems as if he is asking for persuasive assurance from the reader as he resolves confusions within himself. Beyond these slight failures, he has admirably achieved a union of word and sense in many of his lyrics.

Poems that deserve the notice of anthologists are "The Wind Is Round" and "Cry from Montauk." Both have the mark of genuine modernity upon them. So has "Venice" that reminds us

One doorway makes our human
lives seem trivial.
In yet another light, a scabrous
limb of Venus,
Dangling in rank water, rots to
golden bone—
The swank and stink of the
imagination
Beautifully gone bad.
—I. L. SALOMON.

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The Electronic Case for Peace

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following editorial is of course fanciful. It appears here through the courtesy of the* St. Louis Post Dispatch, *which published the article in its Seventy-fifth Anniversary Issue.*

RECENTLY in *The Saturday Review* I wrote about a visit to Los Alamos, New Mexico. What fascinated me most about Los Alamos, I wrote, was the electronic brain.

For all its lightning speed in solving incredibly complex problems of computation, the brain fell flat on its electronic frontal lobes in anything involving a choice. It just didn't understand alternatives; man had yet to invent a gadget that could make his decisions for him.

A little later I received a letter from Dr. P. Storhjerne, former head of the Norwegian Academy of Science, generally recognized as the world's leading authority on the electronic brain. Replying to my article, Dr. Storhjerne sent me a preview of a forthcoming report announcing the successful construction of an electronic brain capable of choice and decision. Some of the implications of this report are so far-reaching in the area of war and peace that I have asked Dr. Storhjerne for permission to quote at length from his letter.

"You have raised," he writes, "some interesting questions about the electronic brain. There is no doubt in the minds of the members of our project that electronic thinking machines can be helpful in answering questions of a non-mathematical nature. Our forthcoming report is necessarily technical but I shall be glad to summarize the principal features of the electronic brain we ourselves jocularly refer to as 'Deciding Dan.' This mechanical brain knows how to choose and it can make decisions. You might say it offers us electronic wisdom.

"The significance of our research, we believe, should be apparent to all those in the social studies, for the electronic brain is now able to furnish accurate answers in the fields of history, economics, and political science.

"The technique is inevitably complicated, but I shall try to suggest the general principles involved. To begin with, our electronic brain operates on the basis of mathematical equations, though its capacity to deal with variables and unknowns is increased prodigiously over the older models. The job we give the machine to do is to make selections from among possible answers based on a wide variety of historical factors. It examines various approaches to certain problems and then gives each a comparative rating.

"Let me give you a specific example. One of our earliest experiments involved taxation. This was our hypothetical problem: A government wishes to raise ten million dollars in additional taxation. Four different plans are drawn up. Which is best? We collect and put down on cards all the pertinent factual data concerning previous experience—ratio of cost of collection to actual tax receipts, delinquency percentage, relationship to the national economy, effect on spending or saving, etc. All these factors involve actual figures. The accurate evaluation of these countless figures would require weeks of effort for even the most competent human mind. The machine can make instantaneous correlations; it is not conditioned by emotional or political factors.

"In this particular case the electronic brain gave us a rating on each of the proposed plans and selected a tax that would impose a minimum of hardship with a maximum of revenue.

"Now we have reason to believe that it should be possible to extend the brain's memory and vocabulary indefinitely. The implications of this are far-reaching. What it means is that a thinking mechanism exists which not only can calculate far beyond human ability but which possesses and utilizes far more wisdom than is within the range of human capacity. Consider the implications of this on the affairs of government and business. Indeed, it will affect morals, philosophy, education, economics—even our spiritual life. It will be able to penetrate the veil of cosmic mysteries. It may expose great historical fallacies, just as it may have some vast but harsh truths to reveal about man himself.

"BUT my primary purpose is to tell you about our forthcoming report on the major experiments with the new-style electronic brain. Encouraged with our success on such problems as taxation, we decided to take a big jump and put to the machine the number one problem before the world's people today—the problem of peace.

"With a grant of $85,000 from various foundations in America and Europe, we enlisted the full-time efforts of nine historians from universities in Europe and Asia, including Oxford University, the University of Berlin, the University of Cairo, and Delhi University. The historians built up an enormous card file of historical data pertinent to war and peace. We worked out a system whereby numerical values were assigned to different groupings of historical information.

"In all, almost 63,000 cards were thus compiled on man's experiences in trying to avert war. Each card contained factual data for a dozen or more equations. Thus, the electronic brain was called upon to correlate and test some 780,000 sets of facts, with some 1,654,000,000 possible combinations of relevant factors that would go into any study on how to achieve lasting peace. This, clearly, was beyond individual human intelligence. We estimated that the correlation of these factors alone would require sixty men working for a period of not less than fifteen years.

"For purposes of clarity, I am oversimplifying. In essence, what we did was to give the electronic brain the principal methods used to preserve peace in the past—treaties, coalitions, balance-of-power arrangements, organic union, etc. Each of these methods was tested against every possible

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historical situation or combination of circumstances.

"When, finally, all this data was introduced into the brain, we waited anxiously and apprehensively for the result. We didn't even know whether the experiment would work. Many of us entertained serious doubts about our experiment. We had tried to be as scientific as possible in preparing the data, and we had cross-checked our numerical assignments. But the possibility for human error in drawing up these numerical assignments was not inconsiderable.

"Another thing that bothered us was that, halfway through our card compilation, two of our historians were forced to leave for health or other reasons. This placed an extra burden on the rest of the group—and we were apprehensive lest this increase the factor of human error.

"In any event, the day for the big test arrived. The 63,000 cards were fed into the machine in proper sequence at the rate of 240 a minute. Within nineteen minutes after the last card was introduced, the electronic brain began to return its answers.

"The machine had digested the information, made its incredibly difficult correlations and evaluations, and was now supplying the answers.

"The machine's answers can be divided into three categories. First, a collation of information about past wars. Second, an estimate of the cost in life and property of an atomic war. Third, an evaluation of previous approaches to peace, together with a recommended course of action for averting another war.

"*First: Information about previous wars.*

"1. Since 3600 B.C. there have been only 292 years of peace. The records list 14,513 wars of minor and major character.

"2. Approximately 3,640,000,000 human beings have been killed by war or the diseases produced by war. (This would mean one out of every four persons who have lived since 3600 B.C. has been a war casualty.)

"3. Total cost of damage produced by the world's wars is approximately $500,000,000,000,000,000,000. (This would be enough to run a band of gold 100 miles wide, thirty feet thick, around the circumference of the globe.)

"*Second: Grouping of facts concerning the nature of an atomic war.* The most important single fact to emerge from the evaluations by the electronic brain is that the human race, contrary to popular impression, will not be extinguished in another war. Here is the electronic data, based upon the type and number of fission and fusion bombs that are likely to be used in the next war, as well as upon information concerning other weapons adapted to mass destruction:

"1. The next war would kill or disable 1,400,200,000 human beings throughout the world. (This means three out of every five persons now living.)

"Electronic estimates by countries of human dead in another war:

"Great Britain 32,430,000; France 26,172,000; Germany 49,863,000; Italy 23,497,000; Czechoslovakia 4,958,000; Spain 29,683,000; Sweden 1,605,000. Norway 974,000; Russia 97,635,000; United States 82,582,000; Canada 8,-111,000; India 62,994,000; Pakistan 17,-437,000; China 227,143,000; Burma 621,000; Japan 46,798,000; Philippines 11,222,000; Australia 2,621,000.

"2. Two thirds of the world's existing wealth would be destroyed.

"3. Destruction of cities. The electronic report is broken down by countries. It shows that in Great Britain all cities of more than 28,000 population would be totally destroyed; in France, all cities of more than 22,000; in Germany, all cities of more than 19,000; in Russia, all cities of more than 11,000; in China, all cities of more than 9,000; in the United States, all cities of more than 32,000; in Italy all cities of more than 22,000; in Canada, all cities of more than 30,000.

4. *Life expectancy per country following another war, according to electronic analysis.* In the United States of America and Europe, twenty-eight years for women; twenty-four and a half years for men. In Asia, twenty-two years for women; nineteen years for men.

"5. *Value of currency after the next war.* In the United States of America it will take $3600 to buy $1 worth of goods (base year 1950); in Great Britain, 520 pounds worth one pound; in France, 800 francs worth one franc; in China, 40,000 yen worth one yen; Russia, 19,000 rubles worth one ruble.

"So much for the effects of another war as computed by the machine on the basis of actual damage in past wars and on estimates of the destructive power of the new weapons.

"*Third: This phase of the electronic brain's answers concerns methods tried throughout history to preserve the peace, and the electronic brain's answer concerning ways in which the atomic war might be averted.*

1. *Peace through armaments superiority.* Since 650 B.C. the nations of the world have engaged in 1,656 armaments races. These armaments races have resulted in 1,640 wars. In the sixteen occasions which did not result in war, the armaments races resulted in economic collapse.

"Building armaments is justified only as an adjunct to a larger policy. They cannot indefinitely maintain security. In fact, in the latter stages of an armaments race there was increased danger of attack because one side or the other believed it might win by a crushing attack, delivered in surprise.

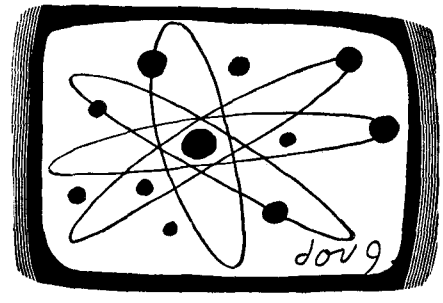
"Unlimited armaments programs cripple the economy and are destructive of freedoms.

"Dispensing with armaments altogether is certain disaster. Lack of armaments under certain circumstances can be an invitation to certain aggression. From this we deduce the fact that armaments can fulfil a vital function for a limited period of time. Economically, at a certain stage, they become ruinous. Militarily, beyond a certain stage, they create a stimulus for a surprise attack. In either case, the absence or the presence of armaments cannot prevent war.

"2. *Treaties.* Treaties represent statements of intent, and seldom survive the original signers. Out of 4,711 treaties pertaining to the peace 4,697 have been broken or have failed in the past 3,200 years. The fourteen treaties that did succeed led to mutually beneficial consolidation among the nations involved.

"3. *Peace by coalition or balance-of-power.* Of the 764 such attempts which have been made, none has succeeded in fulfilling its original purpose. Forty-four coalitions were strong enough to impose their will upon weaker powers for a period greater than thirty years. Forty-two of these succumbed to internal unrest of the people. The remaining two led to binding union.

"4. *Freedom and Peace.* The final answer furnished by the brain is, of course, the most important and valuable one. Taking all the factors just stated into account and with a working knowledge of all history before it, the machine supplied a fairly short answer. As it happened, a number of human brains—without benefit of electronic impulses or automatic coordination—had already offered the same answer. When translated it read as follows: 'War is not inevitable. Give the United Nations the power and the means it needs to enforce world peace through law'." —N.C.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SELDES, MURROW, AND McCARTHY

GILBERT SELDES'S ARTICLE "Murrow, McCarthy, and the Empty Formula" [*SR* April 24] is a worthy example of Voltaire's famous "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

I do not champion in any degree our Crusading Senator from Wisconsin. I could not disapprove of his methods more, and I hailed Mr. Murrow's exposé with delight when he made it. But as Mr. Seldes so bravely and truly points out, we must not be sidetracked from the principle because in this case the skill and power happen to be on the right side (our side, of course!). How can we be sure that the powerful medium of television will not be made a weapon against which the poor, the unpopular, the necessary and wholesome minority are powerless to defend themselves? It may so easily become an instrument of injustice and abuse of power. And it must not be allowed to be so used and abused.

The editors and staff of *The Saturday Review*, who published this article in spite of the fact that they did not all agree with it, are also to be congratulated. As long as we have writers, publishers, and editors who are passionately concerned with fair play for all, and for the airing and free discussion of differing points of view, there is hope for the survival of a free people.

HELEN H. COONROD.

Pomona, Calif.

TOP TALENT AGAINST DEMAGOGUES

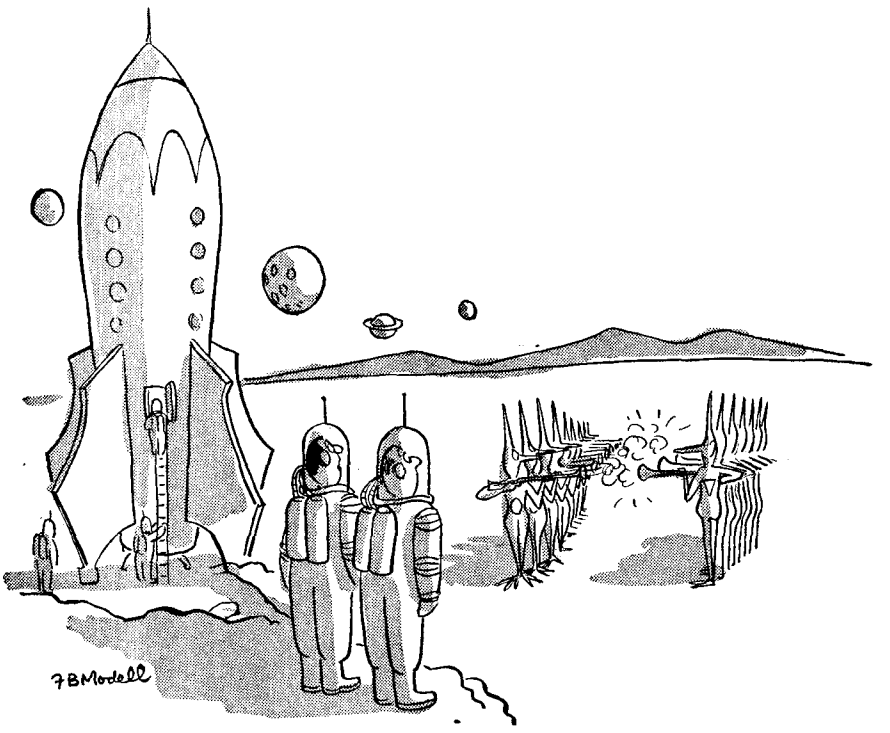
WHAT WOULD GILBERT SELDES sell us? That when a McCarthy is rampant a Murrow mustn't use the prestige of a "See It Now" program to point out his weaknesses. To do so may be placing "new weapons in the hands of demagogues." It's a little hard for me to discern any weapons that Murrow used that haven't been available to and used by demagogues.

Mr. Seldes would have been on firmer ground if he had taken the position that even in combating a smear artist one mustn't smear, or use innuendo, or take words out of context. But that is not his point. He just doesn't think it is cricket for a smart, experienced commentator to use his full powers against a guy who may not have the money, or the prestige, or the cleverness to match. It is a problem. But he makes no constructive suggestion. Maybe the libel laws should be amplified. Maybe Congressional immunity should not include Congressional hearings. But surely we don't have to silence the few liberal commentators who remain.

Lastly, Seldes criticizes Murrow for showing McCarthy as a giggling psychopath, and for not showing him at his best. At his best McCarthy can be persuasive, dangerously agreeable, perhaps a demonic genius, as frightening as a ghost "—the ghost of Hitler, to be specific," as Seldes so well says it. But if Murrow had been clever enough to incorporate all this—and giggling, too—in the program, it would have done still more to heighten Seldes's fear that television is too powerful a medium to use its top talent in attack, even against McCarthy.

MILES PENNYBACKER.

Westport, Conn.



"Well, it's clear their civilization isn't nearly so advanced as our own."

EMINENTLY PARAPHRASABLE THOUGHTS

"I SUGGEST," said Mr. Dudley Fitts, in his remarks on the search for meaning in poetry in general, and for meaning in Dylan Thomas's poetry in particular [*SR* May 1], "that you ask yourself the meaning of your girl, your brother, the retired doctor whom you met last night at dinner. Poems, like persons, simply *are.*"

This, it seems to me, is not entirely right. It suggests that it is proper to cough up ill-digested emotions and "poetic stuff" which do not have the form, music, and intimation of truth of fine poetry.

There may be form even in formlessness, but we do not like it when one who is capable of logically arranging his thoughts, whether in prose or in poetry, does not do so. Poetry is communication. "Poetry . . . should strike the reader," said Keats, "as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance." One would like his highest thoughts to be eminently paraphrasable (even if his paraphrase were of a lower order) because an unparaphrasable thought is no thought at all.

I agree with Mr. Fitts that Thomas's wonderful reading voice helped the obscurity problem. But is that really true? Might it be that when you heard Thomas singing his own marvelously musical notes you didn't *care* about the meaning? He spoke of the lovers, "with their arms 'round the griefs of the ages." When you heard him say that line it did not seem very important that none of us can agree on what he means by "griefs."

Thomas could often get away with obscurity and unintelligibility. It should be remembered, however, that it takes genius to make the poetical rules; and genius of at least like stature to break them.

ARNOLD M. TIBBETTS.

Kearney, Nebr.

HIPPER'S COMMAND

IN HIS REVIEW OF "The Tirpitz and the Battle for the North Atlantic" [*SR* May 8] Rear Admiral Ageton notes the overcaution of "Hipper's High Seas Fleet" at the battles of Jutland and Dogger Bank. Cautious as the fleet may have been, it was not Hipper's. At the time of Dogger Bank, Admiral von Ingenhol headed the fleet and Admiral Scheer was in command at Jutland. Although Hipper was engaged in both of these actions, he only led a battle-cruiser squadron, a far cry from actual fleet command. Hipper was eventually appointed to the command of the High Seas Fleet (August 11, 1918), long after the war's last naval action had been fought.

DAVID BADY.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Phaedra and the Lion

ARENA STAGE of Washington, D. C., has picked as its forty-second production the exciting but extremely difficult task of giving Robinson Jeffers's "The Cretan Woman" its world premiere. Unfortunately, in this instance the result is more a staging in which the actors declaim the words and simultaneously indicate a constant self-pity than it is a performance where speech comes out of emotion and emotion out of speech.

Part of the trouble may be in the script itself. Mr. Jeffers has rewritten the Hippolytus-Phaedra-Theseus triangle of Euripides and Seneca to point a moral that he would like to think is as valid today as it was in 428 B.C.:

> In future days men will become so powerful
> That they seem to control the heavens and the earth,
> They seem to understand the stars and all science—
> Let them beware. Something is lurking hidden.
> There is always a knife in the flowers. There is always a lion just beyond the firelight.

Yet "The Cretan Woman" makes this lion seem a cowardly one. While Mr. Jeffers can be readily forgiven the lack of searching analysis for the essential truth of the legend that Jean Anouilh brings to a story like "Medea," he is expected to express the fierce and compelling strength of those barbarous forces, unleashed love and hate. This he does too diffusely.

The crises arrive rather than build. The rejection of Phaedra by Hippolytus seems trivial. (Compare "Uncoil your madwoman: she wearies me" with Seneca's "Away from my chaste body with thy touch impure.") In addition, the characters vacillate in a "kill me"-"don't kill me" fashion which may make them seem more mortal but which dulls the sharp blade of tragic inevitability. Likewise, the tragic tone is frequently contaminated with droppings of urbanity. As Phaedra begs the enraged Theseus not to kill her she says, "Not me, Theseus. Not me! You are grim, dearest, but you are just."

The poet effects other variations. He has Theseus stab his son onstage in place of the traditional dragging to death by horses as a result of his father's curse. Phaedra hangs herself offstage and Jeffers's Theseus laments:

> The two I loved
> Are gone: that's all. I stand
> Between two gods; and my north is grief and my south is wailing and the children laugh at me.
> She was in trouble and I did not help her. Indeed I never understood her; she was too beautiful for me.
> Her mind moved like a bird.

A third innovation is Mr. Jeffers suggestion that Hippolytus has a homosexual attachment for one of his hunting mates. This is interesting, for it contains the implication that taking a shine to a colleague is more civilized behavior than risking "the extremes of love and hate" which Hippolytus equates as "the same thing, one identical fury."

Though the script's faults confuse its virtues, the Arena Stage performances don't help much either. Not that the actors are not competent. They are. This is indicated by their clarity, their poise, and their coordination. But under the direction of Basil Langton they commit the deadly fault of playing the same emotion throughout the evening.

While "The Cretan Woman" is not the ideal bill with which to sample the work of the nearly four-year-old organization, there is still enough here to explain why the Arena Stage is one of the very few self-sustaining year-round professional theatre operations in the world. The Washington theatre located in the old Hippodrome movie house on New York Avenue near Ninth Street has a 16x20-foot playing area with 247 seats surrounding it on four sides. The linoleum-covered stage area is painted with different designs for each play so that it acts not only as a floor, but also as a scenic background. In combination with vertical pieces and overhangs it makes what the director Zelda Fichandler calls "space scenery."

THE company consists of ten Equity actors with extra Non-Equity performers added when needed. It has a permanent scene-designer, Walter Stilley, and a permanent lighting artist, Leo Gallenstein. Mr. Gallenstein is an ingenious gadgeteer, and he has made the company probably the world's most elaborately lit theatre-in-the-round. There are five other permanent employes and two regular directors. The latter are Miss Fichandler, who co-founded the project by raising $16,000 in 1950, and Alan Schneider, who took a leave of absence this season to stage "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" on Broadway. At a $2.50 top the theatre can gross $3,300 a week as compared to an average operating cost of $2,200.

In its selection of plays Arena Stage aims at the middle of the road;

The stabbing of Hippolytus—"I stand between two gods . . ."

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averaging a five-week run and appealing to an audience strongly sprinkled with Embassy-employed aliens who are used to the resident company idea, the company doesn't produce the "John Loves Mary" kind of thing, or the E. E. Cummings experimental play. Instead it tries to do mostly good modern plays that Washington hasn't seen performed professionally, plus an occasional revival of a classic. New scripts are welcomed, but Arena Stage must be cautious, as one week of poor attendance can dissipate the surplus gathered in three hit weeks. However, just as the world premiere of "Summer and Smoke" added stature to Margo Jones's Dallas Theatre, so perhaps will Robert Anderson's "All Summer Long," tried out by Arena Stage last season affect the Washington group. Its original director, Alan Schneider, has been given the Broadway directorial assignment by the Playwrights' Company, and Clay Hall, who played the child's role, will do the same when the play opens in New York this September. And though John Kerr will enact the leading character, the part's initial creator, George Grizzard, will leave the Arena Stage Company to understudy Mr. Kerr.

The rest of the company is extremely skilled. Frances Sternhagen was hailed by the distinguished English critic Alan Dent as one of the most accomplished actresses he saw on his recent American tour, and Marian Reardon, who plays Phaedra in "The Cretan Woman," scored an immense success in "The Country Girl." Miss Reardon has acted eight performances a week, fifty-two weeks a year, for the past three-and-a-half years, which must constitute a modern American record.

Arena Stage has managed other achievements. It is presenting the first marionette-with-live-actor shows for children ever to be done in arena style. Also it will be the first resident company to schedule regular Monday evening readings of unusual scripts that Miss Fichandler doesn't feel warrant full-scale productions. But the record it can rightfully be proudest of is being the first year-round arena theatre ever to pay its backers a dividend. —HENRY HEWES.

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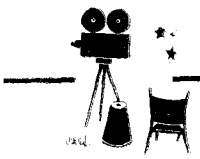

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Science-Fiction Friction

SCIENCE-fiction purists, a particularly rabid mutation of comparatively recent origin, are probably even now preparing a nation-wide march on Warner Brothers, producers of a crisply satisfying pseudo-scientific thriller called, starkly, **"Them!"** Satisfying, I hasten to add, except to the science-fiction purists. I have already learned from several highly indignant experts in this sort of thing that the villains of the piece, a swarm of out-sized *arthropoda* produced by the radio-active rays of the first atomic bomb, are quite impossible. Not only would their lungs be insufficient to supply oxygen to all parts of the body but, even supposing that they could, due to something called the Square-Cube Law ("As the size of an object is cubed, its strength is squared") the creatures would in all probability be too weak to wave an antenna much less imperil our entire planet with their monstrous mandibles. At least, that's what the experts tell me.

Frankly, I was decidedly relieved to get this bit of intelligence. Between director Gordon Douglas and writer Ted Sherdeman—with a notable assist from soundman Francis J. Scheid—"Them!" is as persuasively realistic a horror story as one could comfortably imagine. They unfold it documentary fashion, drily, factually, and with amazingly little time out for love talk. A State Trooper car screeches to a halt beside a demolished trailer on the desert near Los Alamos and inside it the troopers find a child speechless with terror. The only visible evidence of intruders is a huge, indecipherable footprint. Nearby they discover a murdered storekeeper, his cash-box intact but his supplies of sugar tumbled about. The FBI, called in on the case, furnish not only a stalwart operative (James Arness) but also a vague entomologist (Edmund Gwenn) and his pretty daughter (Joan Weldon). For all his vagueness, though, the good doctor has a head on his shoulders. He takes one look at the footprint, learns that the grocer has been shot through with formic acid, his sugar stocks rifled, and forthwith produces the theory that all of this has been the work of gigantic ants. A moment later his theory is proven 100 per cent correct. One of the monsters is heading directly for Miss Weldon.

The story swings into high when the intrepid band, exploring the cavernous ant nest, discover to their horror that its two queens are already off on their nuptial flight. Unless discovered and destroyed, their multitudinous progeny might inherit the earth. Washington is alerted and the hunt is on, ending—again documentary fashion—in the huge sewage drains under Los Angeles. Kid stuff, perhaps, but the narrative maintains a high level of plausibility, the ant models are ingenious and effective, while the weird whirring that indicates their presence on the sound track is both ear-splitting and blood-chilling. The science-fiction purists may scoff, but I'm taking no chances. I'm stepping on every ant I see these days.

* * *

Max Ophuls, whose stylish production of "La Ronde" has been widely admired, has attempted a reprise of his earlier success by combining three Guy De Maupassant short stories under the title of **"Le Plaisir."** As is so often the case in films, a seemingly foolproof formula doesn't always work a second time. Once again M. Ophuls has rounded up many of the brightest stars of the French cinema—Claude Dauphin, Gaby Morlay, Daniel Gelin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, Dannielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Jean Gabin (to which the distributors have added the voice of Peter Ustinov as narrator). Once again he has surrounded them with delightful *fin de siècle* décor and touched their doings with a naughty wit. But it all adds up to very little. One is conscious throughout of style for the sake of style, of décor for the sake of décor, of fine performances lavished on woefully thin material.

Actually, the three stories that M. Ophuls has chosen to tell under his omnibus title sit rather uncomfortably together. "The Mask," which opens the film, is scarcely more than an anecdote, a wispy fragment about a roué who refuses to grow old. The final sequence, De Maupassant's famous "House of Madame Tellier," is a relatively robust affair in which a madam chaperones her girls into the country to attend her niece's first communion, to the vast chagrin of her clientele. Although filled with neat touches, it never quite makes its point; while the moral of "The Model," the best constructed of the three stories, is all too obvious. "Le Plaisir" is opulent, graceful, breathtakingly lovely whenever it ventures outside the studio; but it remains an exercise in clever film-making without ever striking fire as a film.

* * *

In **"Three Coins in the Fountain,"** 20th Century-Fox have carried their CinemaScope cameras to Italy in an effort to combine Old World splendors with a story that has persistent overtones of that studio's recent success "How to Marry a Millionaire." Once again a trio of beauties (Jean Peters, Maggie McNamara, and Dorothy McGuire) set their caps for eligible males (Clifton Webb, Louis Jourdan, and Rossano Brazzi) and end up with their hearts' desire. True, this time only one is a millionaire (and a Prince to boot!), but for real love you have to make *some* concessions. Whenever the wide screen is not taken up with the romantic tribulations of this glamorous sextet, the camera is generally off exploring Rome or Venice in an obvious attempt to out-Cinerama the competition. There are moments when it almost succeeds, notably in a lovely shot of pigeon-filled St. Mark's Square and handsome views of the fountains of Rome. All of this emphasis on scenics, however, might prove just a bit disconcerting to audiences accustomed to having their travelogues *before* the feature, not during it.

* * *

Cecil St. Laurent's **"Caroline Cherie"** is a sort of Gallic companion piece to "Forever Amber," a girl who never lacks for lovers but can rarely find a chemise. Here it is the events of the French Revolution that conspire to keep the beauteous heroine moving from bed to bed. St. Laurent's mammoth novel, I have been given to understand, was written with tongue in cheek; Jean Anouilh, who made the screen adaptation, has provided a rather urbane commentary to set his people in motion, but under Richard Pottier's humorless direction their actions are both pedestrian and painfully obvious. "Caroline Cherie" is one of those massive affairs in which characters are constantly popping up and disappearing before they can be properly identified (much less supplied with any rational motivation), but it is curiously lacking in any of the sweep or excitement that its historic background would imply. And although the cameras remain trained on as much of Martine Carol's tantalizing figure as the censors will allow, the prolonged recital of her assorted rapes and amours soon achieves nothing beyond a memorable monotony.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Syncopated Semantics

WISCONSIN radio listeners may now be enjoying (or soon will be) a highly creative and informative series of thirteen broadcasts "tracing the development of jazz in America through commentary and records." "Hayakawa's Jazz Seminar" is the title of the series, in honor of its commentator, S. I. Hayakawa, the University of Chicago lecturer on semantics and author of "Language in Thought and Action." The coincidence of the blues and the meaning of meaning is quite accidental. Mr. Hayakawa is interested in jazz purely as a hobby; and if his semantic discipline is evident in the broadcasts, it is exclusively in the lucidity of his expression. He tells us in one of his talks that he studies jazz in books and by listening to records. But he is apparently also well acquainted with the cafes where the combos cavort; for in another talk he bids his audience meet him after the show at The Blue Note, a Chicago jazz spot, to listen to the great Muggsy Spanier "re-educating a new generation in the spirit and the possibilities of the traditional jazz. . . ."

The invitation to the Loop stems from the fact that the "Jazz Seminar" originated and recently concluded its first run on Chicago's "fine arts" station, WFMT, on the FM band. I do not know how word of the program spread from Chicago to WHA, key station of the Wisconsin State Network, but at any rate the network has scheduled the series, and its listeners are in for a treat—cool, Dixieland, or New Orleans revival, as their preferences may run (Mr. Hayakawa has them all).

I have not heard the series; I have only read nine of the thirteen scripts. They were sent to me by WFMT, and with them came a letter stating that WNYC, New York's alert municipal station, "is to audition the program for possible airing." Having missed the pleasure of hearing the broadcasts and enjoying their illustrative recordings, I would be happy to see the audition a success. I would be glad, too, for the sake of all WNYC's audience, who would thereby come for the first time upon Mr. Hayakawa's vivid summary, with illuminating sociological overtones, of what jazz is, what it was, and how it came to be.

No doubt much, if not all, of the material of "Jazz Seminar" is familiar to enthusiasts and experts. I am none such, though I recently received some valuable indoctrination from John Hammond and confess that from him I first learned that "popular" music is not jazz. I am sure there are others who stand in the same redeemable ignorance and who would both benefit from and immensely enjoy Mr. Hayakawa's commentary.

He does many things for the jazz bumpkin. He gives clear technical definitions of blues and boogie-woogie. He delineates the different psychic schools of jazz. He introduces the great performers and he samples their work in significant as well as entertaining contexts. But the chief quality that stamps this study of jazz is neither the fact, the definition, nor the chronology. It is, superbly, the sociological flashes that suddenly excite you and make you feel that here jazz is not just a special art form of music but human experience itself—the personal sense of tragedy and aspiration, of longing and release, weaving highly colored threads in the bigger fabric of social clash and accommodation.

One of the most revealing talks describes the meeting of the "field Negro" of slavery days (who carried the African idiom), and the "house Negro" (who had learned the white man's music) "in Storyville, the licensed quarter of New Orleans where musicians could always find work." They blended black blues and white repertory, technical facility, and improvisation. "If the Negroes had been left in the fields," asserts Mr. Hayakawa, "their folk music would have continued like other folk music, Scottish or African or Western American or Asiatic, quaint and charming, perhaps, but with no more technical resources than could be offered by bagpipes, tom-toms, crude string instruments, and the like. If, on the other hand, Negroes had been fully accepted into white society, they would have forgotten in a generation or two their folk backgrounds, and they would have been culturally assimilated into the white world, with the result that their children's children would now be struggling note by note over the compositions of Ethelbert Nevin."

In another broadcast, speaking of the California jazz renaissance, the commentator makes these delightful observations about "cool" jazz: "The term 'cool' . . . pinpoints . . . the fact that this is definitely not the 'hot jazz' of the Twenties or the Thirties. It has none of the dionysiac character of hot jazz. It is reflective, intellectual, sophisticated, and playful. The enthusiasts for this modern jazz—at least the younger people among them—sometimes are called 'cool cats.' And their favorite way of expressing approbation is not—as in jazz circles twenty years ago—to snap the fingers and say 'Hey, hey—that's hot!' but rather to droop the eyelids languidly and to say, thoughtfully and with detachment, 'That's real relaxed.'"

THE temptation to quote further from the talks here meets the limitations of space. There is room for but one more excerpt. Mr. Hayakawa, speaking of the manner in which real jazz spread, says: "All through the 1920's, came this endless stream of Blues records . . . a solace to Negro domestics, who, after working for hours over laundry tubs, mopping floors, and shining brass, would go to the dingy comfort of a one-room flat in the Negro tenements and there put these records on their victrolas . . . a release from things white—they could hum—pat their feet—and be all colored. . . ."

How are programs such as "Jazz Seminar" diffused into our radio-TV culture? Rarely through the networks, which serve majority preferences first. I recall Gilbert Highet's excellent program, "People, Places, and Books." The Oxford Press sponsored it originally on WABF, a New York FM station now defunct. This reviewer heard it and spread the good word through *SR*, which contributed to a wider distribution of what is still the finest book program on the air. "Jazz Seminar" is of equal stature and, according to the law of excellence, is also destined for more widespread appreciation.

There are independently minded stations in several cities—commercial, educational, and subscription—which are hewing to the off-beat path, serving the growing army of listeners who demand high fidelity in thought as well as in the instruments of communication. More power to such stations. They should be supported by the public. They should exchange information and programs. At the very least, the standards and programs of these quality stations will continue to feed that hungry audience whose listening and viewing capacities find only occasional sustenance on the main highways of radio-TV. At the most they can become the seed beds of more cultivated preferences in tomorrow's majority.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

NBC Disposes of the Body—Non-Popular Pops

THE season-ending NBC Symphony concert had the finality and charm of a dispossess notice. There was some vague talk about "a two-week vacation" after which something would happen; but there was no talk of the conductors for this series, and no mention at all of a "next" season. Everybody—especially the musicians—knew that this program directed by Jean Morel was the last they would play together as The NBC Symphony, but there was no public acknowledgment of the fact, nor any expression of thanks to the musicians for services rendered.

Of course, those services have been paid for—in coin of the realm. But as the sound bounced around the confines of the too-small Studio 6 A, one could hardly fail to remember the proud proclamations with which the enterprise had been launched in 1937. First, there was the trial run under the direction of Artur Rodzinski, a skilled hand at orchestral helmsmanship, who had been appointed to do the necessary preliminaries. Then came the ceremonial launching under the direction of Toscanini—with publicity and propaganda, professions of cultural service and promises for the future.

If these words were worth anything when they were first uttered, there should have been some echo of them in some interval of the program directed—rather cursorily—by Morel. There was plentiful opportunity for all sorts of eulogies along the way, considering an hour that began with the Prelude to Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina," continued with the Schubert B minor, and went its course with Chabrier's "Suite Pastorale" and Lalo's "Rapsodie Norvégienne." The only pause was for station identification.

I can imagine the temptation there must have been for Ben Grauer, the long-time, well-controlled voice of these broadcasts in good times and bad to throw his script on the floor and say extemporaneously to the radio audience, near and far, what must have been on his mind, also in his heart: "Yes, the moving finger has writ . . . but let us try to call back a moment of it and say what a great orchestra this has been, is, and should be; let us say thank you and godspeed to every person in it." (Actually, Mr. Grauer did make some "remarks" to the studio audience, but they were not broadcast.)

However, radio is not run on impulses, any more than radio chains are; and so the hour droned on to its conclusion, in a kind of sad and singular farewell, which ended neither with a whimper nor a bang, but with a silence—a silence so profound one could almost hear the pin dropping after the bubble had been burst. Nothing is perpetual, not even a great orchestra; but few things are so valueless that they can be shuffled off so unceremoniously as this was. I should like to think that the spectral ghost will someday walk again as a symphonic body, if only to play a triumphal "Danse Macabre" with no network chimes at the end.

AMONG the curious facts of musical life in New York is the inability, after many tries, of any person to organize a series of "Pops" concerts in Carnegie Hall that is anything more than trivial. The several directed thus far this spring by the man billed as D'Artega have been poorer than customary, also rather skimpily attended.

Some may ascribe this to the sophistication of the New York public, which begs the question, I think, since there is no reason to suppose that it is any more sophisticated than the musical public of Boston, where "Pops" concerts have enjoyed a long and honored esteem. If one is to say that it is a public wary of a bad buy musically, that, I would think, would come closer to the mark. What has generally been offered has not been patronized for the simple reason that it was not worth patronizing.

I dare say that if the Philharmonic management would take a real hand in this situation and enter into a long-range arrangement with the management of Carnegie Hall by which a transformation from winter formality to spring informality could be amortized over a period of years (with, of course, the indispensable air conditioning), the problem would be immediately and permanently solved. I propose a rotating panel of conductors embracing André Kostelanetz, Morton Gould, Percy Faith, and Lehman Engel—to mention, as starters, a quartet associated with the affiliated Columbia Record Company—as a field where there is no Fiedler.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH LIKES IT HOT *Edgar Box* (Dutton: $2.75)	NY Publicity Man P.C. Sargeant III joins swank L.I. set to solve murder.	Neatly wisecracky; characters tellable-apart, if slightly goofy.	Spillane in mink.
A RAG AND A BONE *Hillary Waugh* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Nameless gal bumped in Conn. city; local cops, mayor, worry deeply.	Straight police job, with fine characterization and follow-through.	Nice going
ONE CRIED MURDER *S. H. Courtier* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Australian anthropological safari turns up too-fresh skeleton.	Over-involved and humorless; cast largely stock figures.	Colorless and thin
LONDON AFTER DARK *Robert Fabian* (British Book Centre: $3.50)	Ex-Yard super gives low-down on true-crimes from con men to killers.	Vivid, absorbing job, with good tips, fine case histories.	First-rate stuff
THE BLIND SAW MURDER *H. C. Huston* (Macmillan: $2.75)	West Coast photog. loses sight in stick-up fatal to spouse.	Slow-motion yarn abounds in I-I-Is; his first was better.	Dullish
SUSPECT *Hugh Lawrence Nelson* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Peeper Jimmy Dunn and bride explore family feud, killings, in Colo. Rockies.	Pace good, but personnel slightly bizarre.	Medium
MURDER, FOUR MILES HIGH *R. A. Braun* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Acrophobic mystery writer runs into crime wave in Sierras.	Candidates for guilt numerous, peculiar, unconvincing.	Fuzzy

SERGEANT CUFF.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Spring à la Maryland

EASTON, MD.

WHILE the romantic lyricists have rendered all sorts of romantic homage to such romantic corners as Paris and Portugal, I have yet to hear about anybody writing seasonally sentimental melodies about "April in Boonsboro" or "The Last Time I Saw Williamsport." Despite this singular lack of recognition, the spring had descended in full force over in Western Maryland the other day, covering the route of some of the bloodiest fighting of the Civil War with a gentle magnificence. In the cemetery at Antietam, where 23,110 soldiers were killed or wounded in a single September's day, the white dogwood were stray handfuls of confetti in the young green of the glen. The spirea poured out of a bush like a soft-running white fountain, and the yellow dandelions pushed up alongside Sgt. Timothy Daley, of New York, ninety-two years in grave 52.

A great, green canopy of Norway maples covered the gentle wave of the hill, set with headstones and marked at the crest with the immense stone figure of a Union soldier. Honking blackbirds flitted through the branches making a mockery of men's wars. And the period of the incident of Antietam was established in time by the rectangular rostrum in a corner of the cemetery which gave away its age by its outmoded dress.

To those who have been chipping away at American history this semester, and to those who waded through it some semesters ago and remember it with the same affection reserved for intermediate algebra, studying Civil War battlefields on the terrain will prove a revelation. The Battle of Antietam on September 17, 1862, a campaign once scrutinized on the field by General Rommel, had lasting results on the course of the United States. Government historians count Lee's inability to carry the war successfully into the North, along with simultaneous Confederate failures in Kentucky, as sufficient reason for London's decision to delay official recognition of the rebel government.

A victory by Lee in Maryland might have terminated in ultimate independence for the Southern States. As it was, the tremendous officer loss at Antietam (including four generals killed from each side) foreshadowed Lee's later defeat at Gettysburg. Moving up from the rousing victory at the Second Battle of Manassas, at the head of some 41,000 troops, Lee hoped to capitalize on his victory by pressing a further invasion, and also hoped that Maryland would fill both his supply train and his ranks. The development of the action at Antietam can be studied on the war maps at the museum. Then, with an idea of the battle in mind and a Government pamphlet in hand, one can drive across the 183 acres of markers, monuments, and farmland. Still to be seen is Miller's Cornfield, particularly reminiscent last year, when it was again planted in corn. That September day in 1862 it changed hands ten times between dawn and noon and was the scene of 9,000 casualties. Wrote Hooker, whose artillery blasted Stonewall Jackson's troops hidden in the field: "In the time I am writing every stalk of corn in the northern and greater part of the field was cut as closely as could have been done with a knife, and the slain lay in rows precisely as they had stood in their ranks a few moments before."

If General Jackson was busy he at least had time to dip into a morning meal, for the museum has a polite expression of etiquette written by him in the field to a local damsel who sought to ease the rigors of campaigning. It went like this:

Sharpsburg
Sept. 16, 1862

Miss Fairfield,

I have received the nice breakfast for which I am indebted to your kindness.

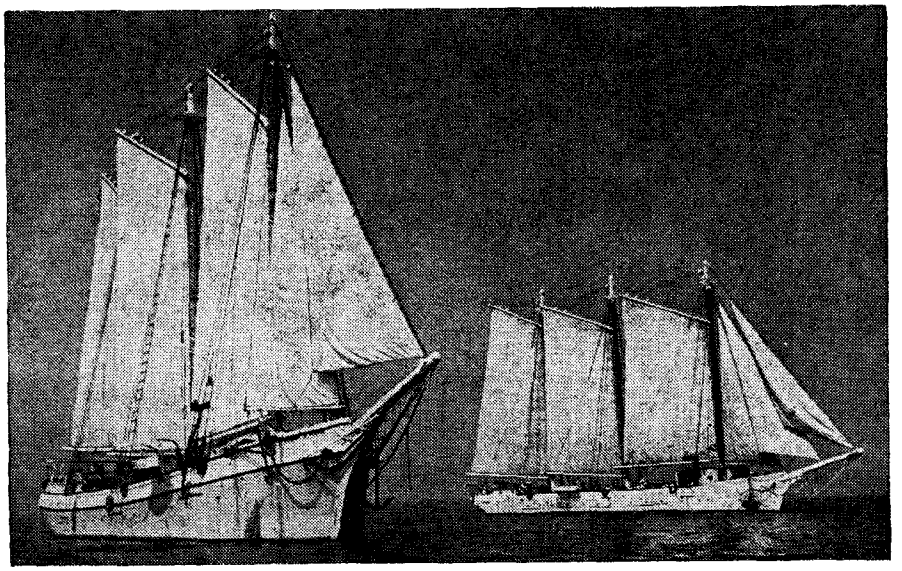
Please accept my grateful appreciation of your hospitality.

Very sincerely yours,
T. J. Jackson.

The Poffenberger Place mentioned often in battle reports still stands, a ramshackle relic of clapboard and stone. The local battlefield superintendent states that Clara Barton tended the wounded inside and that while she nursed a stricken soldier a stray bullet struck the man dead. He counts the occasion as the beginning of the Red Cross in the United States and is desolate because it is neither marked nor preserved.

Studying the markers and surveying the terrain one can, without overindulging one's imagination, be transported back nearly a hundred years. A bridge from then to now is the curious circumstance of standing on the battlefield and seeing the lookout station high on a mountain established by McClellan as a signal station to relay instructions to the battlefield. Smoke obliterated vision in the first hour. Across the landscape is another signal station, a spidery antenna reaching high in the sky above the alternative Pentagon, built underground for protection in case of enemy attack.

While the spring covered the historic lands of Western Maryland with a decorative and perfumed display, it came—simultaneously, but in quite another way—to the watery lands of the East. For Chesapeake Bay, the world's biggest fishing hole, the disappearance of months with an "R" meant the retirement of the oyster. But as the oyster was swept into the wings, there appeared his majes-



The Chesapeake—"the crabs cover 1,200 miles for a single brief encounter."

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tic stand-in, the crab. I stood, just some hours back, in a fish house on the Choptank River in the township of Oxford, and watched Maryland crabs by the hundred come skidding down a chute, en route to becoming crab soup, crab cakes, deviled crab, and Imperial crab. Said a Marylander: "Imperial crab? Why that's what they serve you in heaven for Sunday dinner." (Earth's recipe for Imperial crab includes lump crab meat, mayonnaise, dry mustard, diced peppers, parsley, and salt stuffed back in the crab shell and baked.)

While heralding the return of the Orioles to Baltimore after an absence of half a century, some Marylanders noted that crab cakes, sold at the ball parks like hot dogs everywhere else, are up to fifteen cents, just triple the longtime rate. For those who in this new era will stay at home to watch the games on television, Baltimore still has its "A-rabs," local crabmen who visit from door to door with a wicker basket filled with soft-shell crabs wrapped in beds of sea grass.

Soft-shell crabs are soft because they shed their hard shell, a process they follow seven times each year. While females are in their shell-less state they are embraced by males in an interlude of love-making that is maintained for fourteen hours. This custom should not be criticized, I am informed, since females start out at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, travel north to find romance, then return south again to spawn in salt water, covering a total of 1,200 miles for this single brief encounter.

As for oysters, they are dredged in Chesapeake Bay in other months by skipjacks and bugeyes, sailing ships that are forbidden to carry auxiliary motors for fear of disturbing the beds. Outside of a small pearl button industry, there is no pearling among Bay oysters. Here, the shells are ground up to nourish poultry that will one day become chicken à la Maryland. Some shells are also ground for mortar and others are thrown back in the sea for the reason of some renourishment of the ocean bottom that I fail to understand.

I have not been apprised just how the census was taken, but acre for acre Chesapeake Bay is reputed to house more fish than any other body of aqua in the world. There are over 200 varieties in residence, and up to a short time ago this included a 164-pound rock bass, since deceased. Allegedly, this extraordinary state of piscatorial health and population derives from the shallowness of the water and the beneficial effects, therefore, of the sun's rays on underwater flora. Botanists, biologists, fishwives, and other experts may dispatch their outraged conflicting theories direct to Mr. Earle Poorbaugh, Director of Information, State House, Annapolis, Maryland. As for anybody else, suffice it to say that there are enough fish in the place so that the state requires no license of anyone who wishes to drop a line.

Line droppers and also swimmers and boaters will find Chesapeake Bay loaded with kindred souls at almost every inlet. For instance, there is the matter of the Robert Morris Inn, located on the site of the Morris house, once owned by the father of the man who financed the American revolution. It will take six dollars to finance yourself overnight in its refurbished but suitably creaky lodgings, or eight dollars for two. It is three minutes' walk to the edge of the Choptank for boating, fishing, or swimming.

Not a couple of inlets away is the town of Easton, which has 6,000 citizens, a tremendous hotel, and an attitude, so the local druggist informed me, quite different from the urbanity of Baltimore across the bay. "They think metropolitan," my informant noted. As for the hotel, it is called the Tidewater Inn, was built of handsome red brick in 1949, and has room for 200 citizens. An inn of such proportions and excellence in a town the size of Easton is startling indeed, and is, on the face of it, solid evidence I fear of metropolitan thinking right where it is least expected. One is assured that the locale has always been a popular one for hotels, many taverns and publick houses having hitherto been located on the same site. The vogue in sports, now strictly aquatic and piscatorial, has changed somewhat since the early days, for in 1722 a notice was issued from the County Court that read: "Order that the Publick Houses at the Court House are hindered from keeping their nine pins in the streets during the sitting of this Court, and that no persons whatsoever are suffered to play at them during the Term aforesaid." By last week the streets were whistle-clear of every trace of a nine pin, but they were crowded to the gutters with outlanders down to unravel a cord and hook in the bay, and perhaps later to plumb the steaming depths of Imperial crab at a local publick house.

—Horace Sutton

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Fiction

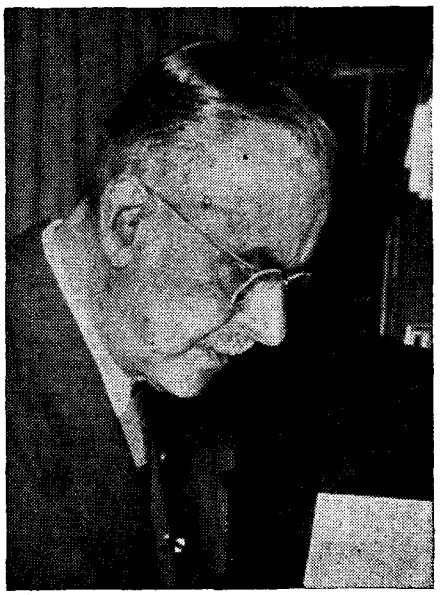
Continued from page 15

"functioning female," she is rushed to the hospital with a hemorrhage, and there it is discovered that her "all"—Mann is more specific—is already held firmly in the embrace of innumerable cancer cells. The lover has been anticipated. The lady has been deceived. Let us laugh.

As for the style in which this extraordinary fable is written, here is a sample. Frau Tümmler is confessing her passion to herself: "Good God, I love him, yes, love him, as I have never loved, is it possible? Here I am, retired from active service, translated by Nature to the calm dignified estate of matronhood. Is it not grotesque that I should still give myself up to lust, as I do in my frightened, blissful thoughts at the sight of him, at the sight of his god-like arms, by which I insanely long to be embraced, at the sight of his magnificent chest, which, in wretchedness and rapture, I saw outlined under his jersey? . . . Now the thought of the awakening stroke of his rod leaves my inmost being drenched, inundated with shameful sweetness. I desire him—have I ever desired before?" And so on and on.

That "The Black Swan" is a work of art, I am sure. In retrospect one realizes that only an artist, perhaps only a great artist, could have written it. But I am also sure that it is one of the most repulsive, most devilish works of art that I have looked upon.

The complexity of many of Mr. Trask's sentences would indicate that he has been unusually faithful to his original.



Thomas Mann—"most devilish."

Taylor Caldwell—"astonishing feat."

Pittsburgh Epic

"Never Victorious, Never Defeated," by Taylor Caldwell *(McGraw-Hill. 549 pp. $3.95), is another of Miss Caldwell's chronicles of a millionaire dynasty, this one a Pennsylvania railroad family.*

By Harrison Smith

BEGINNING with her prodigiously successful "Dynasty of Death," Taylor Caldwell, a Scotchwoman by birth, has pursued through sixteen novels almost every aspect of the rise of those multi-millionaire families in the United States Theodore Roosevelt called malefactors of great wealth. The fact that her great-uncle once owned all of the railroads in Scotland and that her grandmother was half Irish has had a great deal to do with the subject of her newest book, "Never Victorious, Never Defeated." This long and absorbing novel is by no means a pursuit of a worn-out vein; the author has discovered a new gold mine in the intramural conflicts of four generations of a prolific family of Pennsylvania railroad builders fighting to extend their lines north and west. It is a complex story involving more than twenty principal characters, as well as striking theories on immigration, labor unions, socialism, and war.

"Never Victorious, Never Defeated" begins at the end of the Civil War in the town of Portersville, not far from Philadelphia, where Aaron DeWitt, owner of the somewhat ramshackle Interstate Railroad, had built his feudal castle for his wife Sophia, his dynamic daughter Cornelia, and two sons Rufus and Steven, who were destined to battle with each other for the control of the road. It was Steven, meticulous and a hard worker, but too gentle and philosophic for a knock-down fight with his brother and his directors, who put the road in order and first negotiated with the rapacious money lords in New York and Chicago. He had a fatal weakness: he was deeply in love with his wife who died in childbirth. Rufus's intelligent and beautiful wife Lydia knew that the man to whom she was married was a traitor; she could not endure him and finally, after a love affair, married sensible and wealthy Jim Purcell, while Rufus married a wealthy and silly New Yorker.

A great part of the novel deals with the conflicting temperaments of their children and the struggle for supremacy between their sons. The Irish strain entered when Allan Marshall, lawyer, inventor, and son of a common railroad engineer, entered the family to become finally the president of the road. In alliance with his wife Cornelia, a woman heartless, able, and greedy, Interstate Railroad overcame depressions and labor troubles to make the DeWitt dynasty multi-millionaires, with mansions in New York and Newport and a chateau in France. Allan, who came out of poverty with almost satanic ambition and lust for power, and whose brother had become an archbishop, turned to the faith of his fathers and bought a group of liberal newspapers. Then DeWitt of the third generation took charge, until he was in his turn ousted by young Rufus, who was the image of his great-grandfather.

In the background of this tumultuous railroad novel there is the history of eighty years of conflict, change, and war through which the author's beliefs constantly come to the surface. "All men are instinctively tyrannous and dangerous," she writes. "The impoverishment of men and the earth in the act of preparing for war will lead to the slow erosion of our liberties. . . . Idealists have a secret contempt for the self-made men while they prate of the majesty of labor and the nobility of toil. . . . Who ever trusted another man?"

For 550 pages Taylor Caldwell succeeds in the astonishing feat of maintaining the reader's interest in the creation of a great railroad, the changing history of America from the Civil War through the Roosevelt administration, the political and economic philosophy of the time, and an intense and colorful account of the fortunes and the emotional and financial crises of the relatives, descendants, and friends of the family of Aaron DeWitt of Portersville, Pa. It is a feat which few writers could, or would attempt to accomplish today.

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An Off Offspring

***"The Bad Seed," by William March** (Rinehart, 247 pp. $3), tells of a woman who discovers that she has begat a thoroughly evil child.*

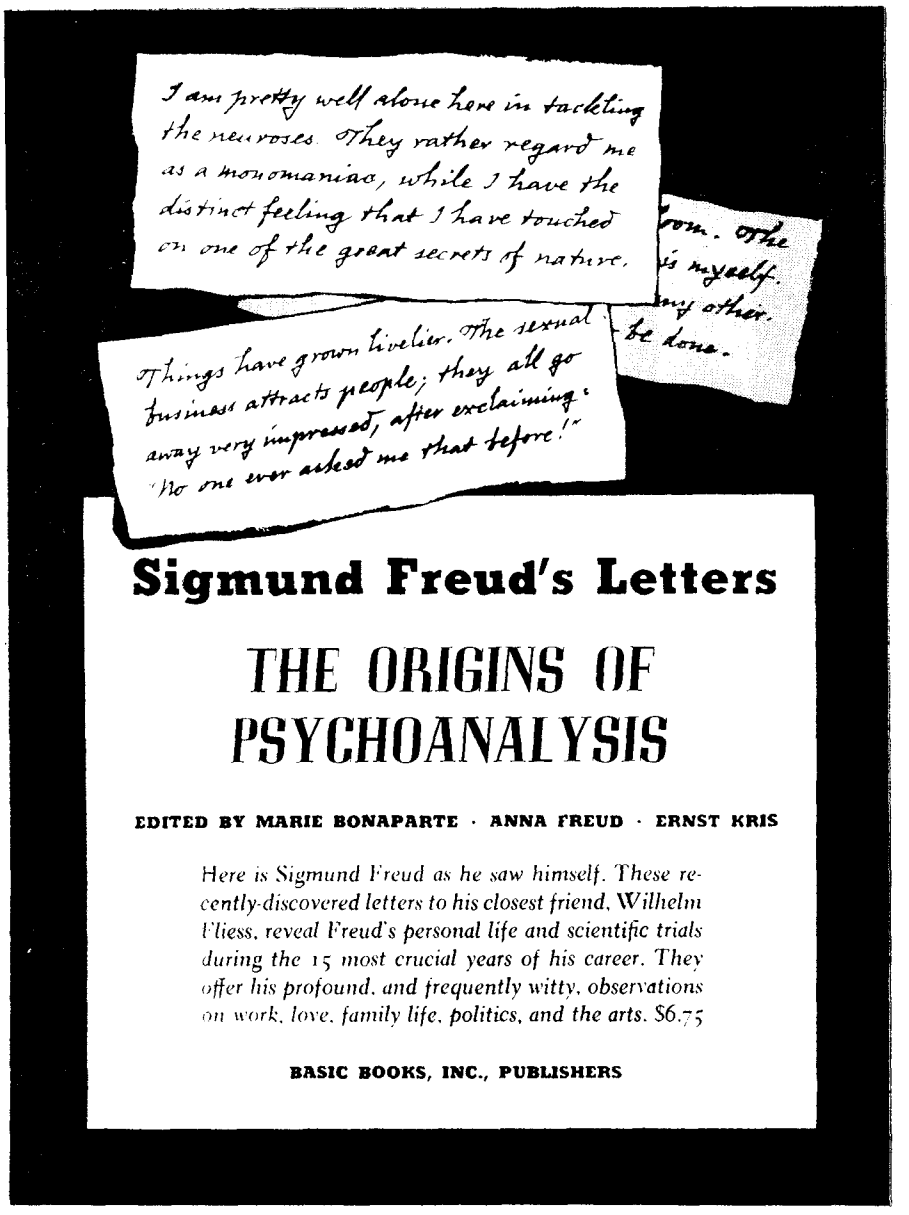
By Merle Miller

I HAPPENED on "Company K" when I was in high school; it had been reprinted in one of those paperback editions which sold for a quarter and died a quick and now clearly premature death. At the time I realized that Ernest Hemingway had written a greater love story in "A Farewell to Arms" and John Dos Passos a more impressive sociological document in "Three Soldiers." But I thought then that William March had created the best war novel of any of the American writers who concerned themselves with the First World War. I have reread "Company K" several times since and still think so.

Since then, I have read all of the published writing of William March, who died only a few weeks ago: the several volumes of collected short stories, the best of which is "The Little Wife and Other Stories," and the novels. There were not many, and they were not of equal merit, but then Mr. Hemingway is not one of our more prolific writers and no one of sound mind would want to put "Across the River and Into the Trees" in the same classification as "The Sun Also Rises." Mr. March's "October Island" (1952) is a lovely, lusty joke concerning a couple of innocent American missionaries and a group of sophisticated South Seas natives. It is reminiscent of Maugham at his best—yet with a raucous touch peculiar to Mr. March.

"The Looking Glass," which was originally published in 1943 and has recently been made available in a paperbound reprint, was Mr. March's second best novel. In it, he brought alive an entire community, one to which he kept returning in other works; he called it Reedyville, Alabama. Alistair Cooke thinks the novel is a masterpiece, and he is right. Mr. Cooke also believes that Mr. March was "the unrecognized genius of our time." I would quarrel only with the word "the"; there are always a lot of unrecognized geniuses around, and Mr. March was not the only first-rate writer who did not find as large an audience as he deserved. There is, for example, James Gould Cozzens.

I'm afraid Mr. March's last, "The Bad Seed," won't help his reputation much. In many ways, it is a delightful novel, in others, a studiedly frighten-


I am pretty well alone here in tackling the neuroses. They rather regard me as a monomaniac, while I have the distinct feeling that I have touched on one of the great secrets of nature.
Things have grown livelier. The sexual business attracts people; they all go away very impressed, after exclaiming: "No one ever asked me that before!"
be done.

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ing one; but it is not completely effective. It is beautifully written; the dialogue is sharp and true, and Mr. March's cynical look at a small group of the citizens of a town that may be Reedyville (he doesn't say) is a pleasure to behold. His thesis, however, is a questionable one. Rhoda Penmark, a proper, seemingly beautifully behaved little girl of eight, has only two real faults. She is obsessed with a desire for possessions, and she will do whatever necessary to get them. She worked hard to win the gold medal to be given to the child in her school who showed the greatest improvement in penmanship during the academic year. Unhappily, the medal goes to a docile classmate named Claude Daigle. Rhoda feels it necessary to do away with Claude, and, when her mother begins thinking back over the short, startling life of her daughter, she discovers that Claude's murder was not Rhoda's first. Nor is it her last.

The psychological reasons for Rhoda's career in crime strike me as pretty silly. Mr. March was much better when he was not being so serious, when he was describing a woman like Monica Breedlove, a garrulous, middle-aged widow who has been psychoanalyzed by one of Dr. Freud's prize pupils. Monica is a pleasure.

"The Bad Seed" is a disappointment, but those who have missed Mr. March's "Company K" and "The Looking Glass" and "October Island" ought to remedy those oversights at once.

Notes

JORDAN COUNTY, MISS.: Shelby Foote, author of "Shiloh" and "Follow Me Down," has now published, in **"Jordan County"** (Dial, $3.50), a group of sketches, stories, and novellas ranging chronologically from the eighteenth to the mid-twentieth centuries, but all set in Mississippi.

"Child by Fever," which occupies fully half the book, appeared in a judiciously shorter version in "New World Writing #4." The story of several generations in the life of a Jordan County family whose gnarled genealogical tree bears a frightening burden of malformed fruit, it piles neo-Gothic shudder on shudder until it approaches self-parody. But it contains many swift and brilliant passages and demonstrates, better than anything in the book, the effects of which its author is capable. "Ride Out" (also previously published), which tells of the brief, meteoric career of a Negro jazz musician, and "Pillar of Fire," an account of the first white settler in the county, who conquered men and wilderness only to see his plantation eventually burned in reprisal during the Civil War, are the next longest pieces, and each is fairly successful. Of the shorter stories, that of the ceremonial murder of two white men by a group of outraged Choctaw Indians is the most striking.

"Jordan County" 's theme and setting so closely parallel that of William Faulkner's voluminous chronicle of the imaginary Yoknapatawpha County that a comparison which Foote's earlier works have suggested now seems inevitable. Both men are seriously concerned with the darkly turbulent underground springs of the Southern personality, and with the dynamic forces of history which, in complex and continuing interaction with place and people, have formed the South. And both seem to share a conviction, at times ludicrously insular, that the South is supremely unique. But Faulkner has a brooding mystic sense, a deep and transforming imagination and a powerful, highly individual literary style which endow his work with stature.

Jordan County displays an extraordinary inventiveness of narrative and descriptive detail which give it a lively vitality; a sense of relevant documentation which enables its author to set forth locale and historical epoch with great economy and vividness; and a supple, emotionless prose style which supplies a whiplash effect to the unexpected turns of event with which its stories bristle. But Mr. Foote moves over the Southern landscape with such adroit rapidity that he fails to dig as deeply as he might into that subsoil of temperament and character which he finds, superficially at least, so fascinating.

—JEROME STONE.

TORMENTED SOULS: William Michelfelder has written an often extraordinarily effective first novel, **"A Seed Upon the Wind"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50); in it he plays with somber brilliance upon the theme of sacred and profane love and their tormenting mutual disharmonies in the souls of a group of people who are deeply involved with both varieties. Mr. Michelfelder is concerned mainly with Andrew Carew, a young physician in a Catholic hospital, who can neither embrace nor renounce Catholicism, and of his unsanctified relationship with a nurse who offers him a strong, primal love in the restorative depths of which he almost rids himself of the demons of doubt. But he is also telling the story of Sister Agnes, whose mind is finally split asunder by her abnormal sexual jealousy; of Dr. Andreozzi, the hard schemer whose determined malice fails to make less lonely the empty chambers of his apostacy; of Methodist Dr. Ordway, to whose hospital Carew comes to seek sanctuary and death, and who finds himself not as free of the occupational disease of religious bigotry as he had thought and of the level, sane Father Kesslar who watches his charges flailing about on beds of psychic pain and learns more than ever the essentiality of love and faith, both human and divine.

The characters behave, even in the most trivial matters, with a wild desperateness which might easily strain credulity; but this book, reminding one of Djuna Barnes and the Kay Boyle of "Monday Night," compels the reader to believe it. Those religionists who think that to have given the roles in a spiritual drama to such neurotic monkeys is somehow blasphemous might do well to turn to the morality paintings of Hieronymous Bosch, or to the life of Bunyan, or even to the Bible itself. These can illustrate the sick monkey in each of us which religion has often healed and purified. But one need be no partisan either for or against the Sacred Word to discover in Mr. Michelfelder's reverberating, richly-imaged prose the energizing beauty of the artistic word.

—J. S.

EAST AND WEST IN SIAM: The growing problems of Southeast Asia are being recorded in newspapers, discussed in magazines, and pictured in newsreels. They are also recorded—and colorfully and conscientiously so—in **"A Single Pilgrim"** (Rinehart, $3), Norman Lewis's very readable third novel about that part of the world. In Siam the country on which Mr. Lewis concentrates this time, John Crane, the British manager of the East Asiatic Timber and Mining Company, struggles to keep his company and his illusions going among a mixture of Western customs and Communist politics which have overrun the country. There are times when the motives of the characters, especially an American named Confelt and, occasionally, the protagonist Crane himself, grow a little vague. But the plot moves rapidly and credibly and the atmospheric touches have a ring of authenticity which saves the book: a Nationalist girl spy moves into town with Coca Cola advertisements with which to decorate her room; an old abbot broadcasts sermons about peace over blaring loud speakers, but in a language which his followers cannot understand; and, when a new Richard Widmark film arrives, the natives rejoice to find that Widmark was not *really* killed at the end of the last film as they had supposed. With such touches, it is too bad that Mr. Lewis did not make more direct use of them for rounding out his characters.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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The World

Continued from page 18

mounting criticism, protests that Point 4 is operating as fully and as freely as ever. It insists that it has not, as one government spokesman wryly put it, been "cut back to the Point Two-and-a-half." But the fear remains that Point 4's essential idealism is submerged in the doctrine of "instant retaliation"—that *realpolitik* has been reinstated as the sole basis of our diplomacy.

Although neither sentimental nor polemical, Bingham shares the current anxiety and pleads soberly for rededication to the original point to Point 4. He does not minimize the necessity of military and political security, but reminds us that bombs and pacts alone neither solve the basic problems of the world's vast unrest nor guarantee democratic loyalties. The real battle of our time is against the appalling social and economic inequities afflicting most of our planet. In this struggle shirt-sleeve diplomacy has won enduring victories and much of its success derives from an undeviating devotion to its long-range, non-political humanitarian purposes.

Point 4 has been called the greatest moral concept of the modern age. Certainly the translation of the concept into a workable program is one of the inspiring stories of all time. It is the story of an idea that stirred people "into triumphant action, not only against their human oppressors, but also against their ancient enemies—hunger, misery, and despair." It is the story of teachers and administrators, doctors and nurses, agronomists and engineers, struggling in remote regions against incredible odds. It is the human story of Horace Holmes in India, Frank Pinder in Liberia, William Warne in Iran, and countless other American "missionaries" ably and selflessly helping our neighbors in the underdeveloped free world help themselves.

In telling this story, Bingham is modest but moving. As deputy director of TCA (1951-1953) and acting administrator for a time, he was deeply involved in the building of Point 4. He knows all the pitfalls and frustrations from the inside. He is keenly aware of the mistakes along the way. He sees the harm that comes from the exaggerated claims of the "do-gooders," a harm as troublous as the irresponsible attacks of the cynics. As a wise public administrator, he does not ignore the thoughtful critics: those who believe that we have done too little too late or too much too soon; those who believe that all technical aid should be channelled through the United Nations; those who hold that free enterprise—"trade not aid" and private investment abroad—can do the job more efficiently and effectively.

Bingham is both tolerant and firm with the critics. Often he agrees with them, wishes that more of their recommendations might have been adopted. When he disagrees, he sets forth persuasive reasons in support of his own views or the policies finally adopted. He sees Point 4 as an evolving venture in human relations, not as a rigid pattern. He sees it as a necessary and noble experiment which, on balance, has already proved itself an inexpensive insurance policy against social collapse, a "positive answer to Communism," a bulwark of our own country's security and continued well-being.

What is to be done? "In the last analysis," Bingham concludes, "it will be up to the American people to decide . . . whether the Point 4 ideal is to be vigorously pursued, or whether it is to be thrown into the discard, either outrightly or indirectly. This is an awesome responsibility. A short-sighted pinch-penny attitude will lead us straight into the hopeless morass of isolationism and eventual war. On the other hand, it will take courage, determination, and wisdom to make the sacrifices needed for progress and peace."

Notes

FACTS ABOUT INDO-CHINA: Yesterday's newspapers said that Indo-China is the most serious issue facing the free world in Asia. The Geneva Conference has made it one of the two main "items" on the agenda of the Big Four and Communist China Meeting. Ellen J. Hammer's **"The Struggle for Indo-China"** (Stanford University Press, $5), as excellent as it is timely, is the story of Indo-China and of the seven-year war now going on. This is a war which France has *not* wanted to internationalize in the United Nations as we did in respect to Korea. Yet it is a war for which the U. S. is paying "about 80 per cent of the total French military expenditures in the Associated States." The war has bled France not only for "twice the amount of American Marshall Plan aid to France" but also for thousands of casualties—the dead, wounded, missing, and prisoners. No wonder the French call it *la sale guerre*, the dirty war, and wish they were through with it.

For no matter how the peace eventually comes to the three Associated States of Viet Nam, Cambodia, and Laos (Indo-China is the French name) France will no longer possess this country. The era of colonialism in Asia is over, as the British and Dutch have learned. But France has been unwilling to accept this verdict of history and to that extent is responsible for the failure in Indo-China.

To any American wanting to form a judgment on Indo-China, and wanting to formulate a policy for the future, Dr. Hammer's book is an indispensable source. It lacks only an index. It is to be hoped that she will follow this study with one directly on American Indo-China policy so that the full story of the dismissal of Robert Blum, former chief of the American Aid program in Indo-China, and other facts emerge.

—Frank N. Trager.

JAPAN AND SOUTHEAST ASIAN NATIONALISM: One of the shocks the American people suffered following Pearl Harbor was the realization that the peoples of Southeast Asia were gladly joining the Japanese in defeating and ousting the white man, English or Dutch, from their lands. Why did they do it? Willard H. Elsbree supplies the answers in his excellent study, **"Japan's Role in Southeast Asian Nationalist Movements, 1940-1945"** (Harvard University Press, $3.25). Japan came as the liberator against the white man, who for a century or two had imposed his military and economic will on these peoples, openly indicating to them that they were inferior, unfit for equality, democracy, and freedom.

The nationalist and independence-seeking fervor of these people was the genuine source of Japan's easy victory in the Pacific. Japan's defeat, as Dr. Elsbree also points out with obvious moral application to Indo-China, came about because Japan did not really believe in the "Co" part of the Co-Prosperity policy; she did not or would not understand that each national movement which she fostered at the proper expense of Western white man's imperialism demanded payment in the only coin these people appreciated: genuine national freedom. When Japan failed "to capture the loyalty of the national movements" she helped to bring about her own defeat. This lesson of World War II should not be lost, and we are indebted to Dr. Elsbree for underlining and documenting it.

—F. N. T.

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Engineers' Dreams

Continued from page 19

area. If this does not kill the project outright, it results in a mountain of paperwork that is far harder to get out of the way than a real mountain of mere rock would be."

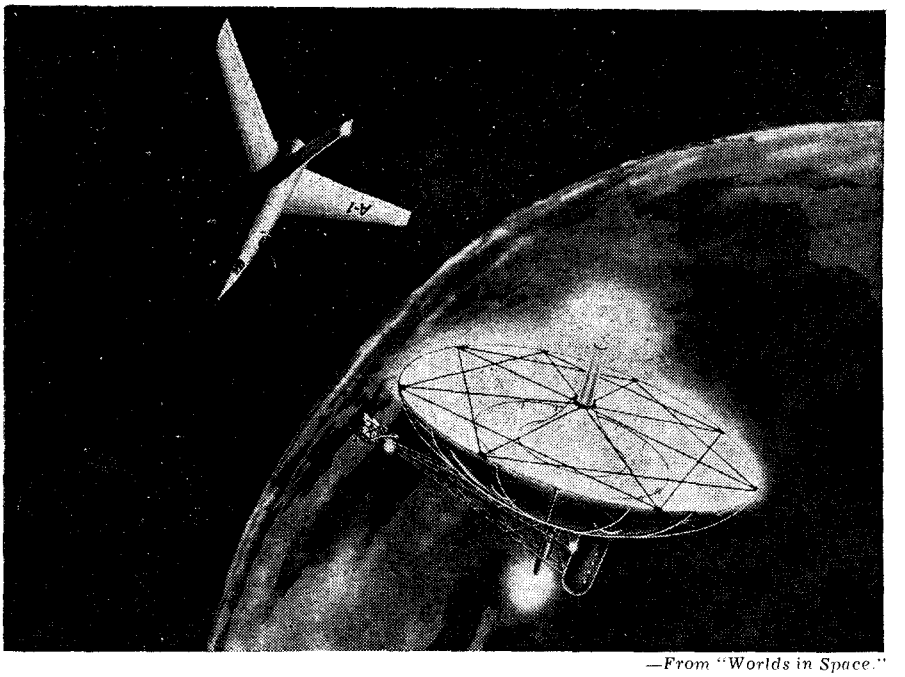
Such considerations apply in full measure to the ambitious and long-range Atlantropa scheme, proposed in 1928 by a Bavarian engineer named Herman Soergel. This is to dam the Straits of Gibraltar and the Dardanelles and to put locks in the Suez Canal. Without the inflow from the Atlantic and despite rainfall and flow of rivers, evaporation would cause the level of the Mediterranean to drop thirty-three feet in ten years and hydroelectric plants at the dams could produce huge amounts of power.

After a century, the level would have fallen 330 feet and a total of 90,000 square miles added to countries along the Mediterranean shore. Then comes the next step: two more dams, one across the now narrowed Strait of Messina, the other to close the small gap remaining between Tunis and Sicily. The western half of the reduced sea would then be kept at its current level by admitting more water from the Atlantic. The eastern half would be allowed, in another century, to sink another 330 feet, then its level would likewise be stabilized.

"In the Mediterranean area," says Mr. Ley, "the final result would be 220,000 square miles of new land and hydroelectric plants of virtually unlimited capacity in a number of places." And, incidentally, the water removed from the Mediterranean would raise the sea level everywhere else about three feet.

Most of these dreams are concerned largely with power, hardly surprising in view of the way our stores of fossil fuels are being depleted. Electrical energy may be obtained not only from water power but also from the Sun's radiation, from volcanic heat, from the winds, from the tides, even from the relatively small difference in temperature between air or water at the surface, and that in water at greater depths, which is cooler in the tropics and warmer in Arctic regions. All these sources have been used on an experimental scale, as Mr. Ley explains; perhaps some day they will supply a major part of the Earth's power needs.

Willy Ley is best known for his writings on space travel and rocketry, but his versatility, already shown in "Dragons in Amber" and "The Lungfish, the Dodo and the Unicorn," is demonstrated again in this fascinating volume.



—*From "Worlds in Space."*

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The Engineer Who Proses

"Slide Rule," by Nevil Shute *(William Morrow. 240 pp. $3.50), is an autobiographical account, by the popular British novelist, of the years before he took up writing, when he was concerned with constructing dirigible balloons and with building up a small aircraft manufacturing firm. Here it is reviewed by Henry Ladd Smith, journalism professor at the University of Wisconsin and author of "Airways" and other books.*

By Henry Ladd Smith

THERE is a book lately published named "Slide Rule" that purports to be the autobiography of a noted novelist, but actually is the life story of an engineer named Norway who apparently never published a book before. The fact that Engineer Norway and Author Shute happen to wear the same face and body does not prove anything. They are as separate in entity as the precise mathematician, Charles Dodgson, and his alter ego, the whimsical Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Perhaps it takes a split personality to succeed both as an engineer and as a writer. The man who deals in the measurement and use of materials often has trouble measuring and expressing feeling, as required of a writer. Nevil Shute has written sixteen books, but his loyal following will find little of him in this volume. This autobiography is confined to the slide rule side of Nevil Shute Norway. It has none of the spiritual overtones of Shute's last novel, "Round the Bend" (1951), or of "Chequer Board" (1947). It is so matter-of-fact that his marriage is barely mentioned, or even the name of his wife. It is exclusively the account of the earlier, and engineering, phase of a dual personality, and when the main character leaves his aircraft factory in 1938, the story ends then and there. Presumably Author Shute steps out of the wings at this point to take over the engineer's role.

Shute made good use of this engineering background in his writing. In "No Highway" (1948), one of his three best books, the author lets his little hero, an aeronautical researcher, talk knowingly of stresses and "metal fatigue," all of which is an integral part of the plot. On the other hand, Engineer Norway, in this autobiography, makes little of the tools successfully used by Author Shute.

Norway's first job was as a calculator for the famous aircraft designer, Geoffrey de Havilland (always spelled with one "l" in American records). That was during a period of aeronautical doldrums following World War I, when it took a sense of adventure to remain in the business. When the writer quit aviation, he was managing director of a small, but going, aircraft company he had helped establish around 1930.

Much of the book is devoted to his

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work on the *R.100*, the dirigible balloon which carried him as a consultant on its famous Atlantic crossing in July 1930. It was a short-lived triumph, for after the disaster to the sister ship, *R.101*, the British turned their backs on lighter-than-air construction. Will Shute fans be interested in a matter-of-fact account of details in the building of an aircraft type long discredited on both sides of the Atlantic as a means of transportation? Will Shute's American followers care to share the tribulations in the birth, adolescence, and marriage (to an older company) of a little-known aircraft factory engaged primarily in the building of small carriers and twin-engine trainers? They may not. But as an insight into the other side of a famous storyteller, this book is entertaining and revealing.

Armchair Moonology

***"Worlds in Space," by Martin Caidin** (Henry Holt. 212 pp. $4.95), is a synthesis of the latest thinking on rockets and space travel. Willy Ley, who reviews it below, is the author of "Engineers' Dreams," reviewed elsewhere in this issue.*

By Willy Ley

A COLLECTION of all the books on rocket research and space travel published—not counting fiction, of course, but including the bound volumes of professional journals—requires a just measured 155 inches of bookshelf space. Of that about eight inches are in Russian, another seven inches in French, while the remaining 140 inches are about equally divided between books (and journals) in English and in German. Obviously there is not much one can say about space travel any more, unless the author has done new research, in the laboratory or with slide rule and handbooks, or else unless the author is a historian who has succeeded in digging up some forgotten facts of either engineering or military history. Since Martin Caidin has neither wielded a slide rule nor buried himself in the files of, say, the *Journal of the Royal Artillery*, or *l'Aérophile*, or the *Archiv für Offiziere der Ingenieurtruppe*, his new book, "Worlds in Space," does not bring anything that cannot be found in recent print.

But because of the large volume of existing literature this statement is by no means as harsh a criticism as it might seem to be at first glance. Few people will have read *all* the recent books and a rather large number of people will still have to start

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND A RISING PEOPLE. By Verner W. Crane. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A biography of big Ben from the cramped days in Boston to the king-size times in Europe, and of the workings during his lifetime of the American mind, a mechanism he had a lot to do with.

A CARAVAN TO CAMUL. By John Clou. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.75. Hearts and swords in the days of Jenghiz Khan.

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE. By Nan Fairbrother. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. An account of a year the author spent in a country house (secret cupboards, a secret room) in England with her two children during the war.

THE FIRST AND LAST FREEDOM. By J. Krishnamurti. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A selection of some of the writing and recorded talks of the Indian spiritual teacher who now resides at Ojai, California. There is a foreword by Aldous Huxley.

FRENCH STORIES AND TALES. Edited by Stanley Geist. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95. An anthology of sixteen not-so-well-known French stories, including the work of Jules Renard, Marcel Schwob, Gobineau, de l'Isle-Adam, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, Baudelaire, and Huysmans.

HAIL COLUMBIA. By George Sundborg. Macmillan Co. $5.75. A kind of club sandwich biography dealing with (1) that single-minded river, the Columbia, (2) James O'Sullivan, self-educated lawyer, engineer, and contractor, who (3) helped build and keep the Grand Coulee Dam out of the hands of the public utility monopolies.

A HISTORY OF FLYING. By C. H. Gibbs-Smith. Frederick A. Praeger. $4.95. A rundown of all of men's attempts to bird it, from the first use of the aerodynamic principles of the arrow to the successful use of planes in World War I.

THE LAST OF THE FATHERS. By Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. A study of the life and work of Saint Bernard, the preacher of the Crusades, who died in 1153, and of the eighth centenary Latin encyclical on Bernard issued last year by Pope Pius XII, which is translated and annotated in full here.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. By Nancy Mitford. Random House. $4.75. Miss Mitford, who writes English novels full of prickles and ice cubes, has here put together an affectionate picture of the French lady who kept Louis XV practising his *entrechats*.

MOSLEMS ON THE MARCH. By Friedrich Wilhelm Fernau. Alfred A. Knopf. $5. A very large study of the Moslem world—its history, cultures, and place in the world today—that runs from Pakistan to Arabia to South Africa, by a German expert.

THE PAINTED KING. By Rhys Davies. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The whole life and death of one Guy Aspen, an English writer-producer-actor-director, who has a sympathetic mistress, an inability to do Shakespeare, and love-hate for his mother.

REBELLION ROAD. By Helen Topping Miller and John Dewey Topping. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. A "whopping good story," according to the dust jacket, about a young, flat-stomached Confederate veteran, and Reconstruction days in and around the old homestead in Alabama.

THE SOCIAL FUNCTION OF ART. By Radhakamal Mukerjee. Philosophical Library. $10. A kind of global study of the sociology of art—the artist's background, development, place in his culture, and place in relation to other cultures—by the head of the department of economics and sociology at Lucknow University.

STAR IN THE RIGGING. By Garland Roark. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. In this, Mr. Roark's newest historical tureen, we are told the tale of one Captain Jeremiah Brown who, circa 1832, threw in his lot with the Mexican eagle and eventually became master of the *Invincible*.

THE TWELFTH PHYSICIAN. By Willa Gibbs. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. The doings of a dedicated French doctor in the days of the Reign of Terror. Included are separation from a beloved wife and a year at that famous watering place, Devil's Island.

THE WORLD'S BEST SPY STORIES. Edited by Kurt Singer. Wilfred Funk. $3.95. A raggedy bag collection of spy tales, including fact and fiction, and the work of such accomplished observers and creators as Rebecca West, J. Edgar Hoover, Joseph Wechsberg, T. E. Lawrence, Conrad, Eric Ambler, and the Old Party.

—WHITNEY BALLIET.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLOTH

Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, offers the titles of twenty novels each of which has a clergyman for its protagonist. She asks you to name the twenty authors. Sixteen correct identifications should not be too difficult; seventeen will be cause for satisfaction, and eighteen or better should indicate a clear head and a clear conscience. Answers on page 39.

1. The Damnation of Theron Ware
2. The Gown of Glory
3. The Christian
4. The Chain
5. The Stickit Minister
6. The Inside of the Cup
7. The Warden
8. The Sky Pilot
9. The Son of Adam Wingate
10. The Cardinal
11. The Minister's Charge
12. Death Comes for the Archbishop
13. No Banner Before Him
14. The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith
15. Robert Elsmere
16. The Calling of Dan Matthews
17. The Minister's Wooing
18. John Ward, Preacher
19. The Little Minister
20. God's Good Man

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to acquaint themselves with the concepts of space travel. For those, "Worlds in Space" is a good book with which to start.

The discussion begins with what has been accomplished in the field of high altitude rocket research in recent years, roughly since the end of the Second World War, and proceeds in logical order to the next job ahead, that of placing an unmanned but heavily instrumented missile into an orbit around the earth. The next chapter deals with man in space; following a recent example, Mr. Caidin refers to man as "the weakest link," which is something I personally do not believe. All through engineering history man has been thought to be the weakest link: when railroads were new it was proposed to build eight-foot fences along the tracks so that the passengers as well as outside observers would be saved "being driven to insanity" by the "fantastic" speed.

THE following chapters deal with the first spaceships, the space station, and an expedition to the moon. The discussion generally follows the published ideas of Wernher von Braun, with comparisons and ideas advanced by Arthur C. Clarke and other leading members of the British Interplanetary Society. Martin Caidin is strongly critical of the military value of either a space station or a military base on the moon. Unfortunately this is such a difficult field, since the military value would have to be evaluated in terms of the time when such a station or base is finished, that a discussion now is fairly useless.

There are some minor slips, such as the statement that the thrust of a rocket motor is constant. In reality, in a nearly vertically rising ship (which is the example under discussion) the thrust of the motors would be considerably larger a minute after take-off since the ship would be in highly rarefied layers of the atmosphere by that time and the thrust of a rocket motor in a vacuum is at least sixteen per cent larger than the thrust of the same motor at sea level. Likewise Mr. Caidin quotes various sources on the depth of the atmosphere, or rather its height, without giving the reasons for the figures mentioned by various authors. This might be confusing to the layman who is apt to jump to the conclusion that the scientists fail to agree while, in reality, they have simply different things in mind.

The numerous half-tone illustrations by Fred L. Wolff, while very beautiful, suffer in the same manner as the text of the book. Many look as if they were Chesley Bonestell paintings printed in black and white.

NEW EDITIONS

Perishing and Imperishable Genius

THE LIST of Doubleday's Anchor Books grows steadily in variety, interest, and excellence; behind them sound editorial judgment and catholic taste are at work. The most recent additions to the group are W. J. Turner's "Mozart" (95¢), Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Country of the Pointed Firs" (85¢), W. J. Cash's "The Mind of the South" (95¢), Bergson's "The Two Sources of Morality and Religion" (85¢), and "Teacher in America" (85¢), by Jacques Barzun. The first is a brilliant biography, in which a great musician lives and grows, declines in fame, and perishes; a biography that challenged current opinions when it was first published in 1938, and scored a decisive victory. Miss Jewett maintains a quiet reputation as one of the pioneers of American regional, or "local color," fiction. In her preface to the present edition of "The Country of the Pointed Firs" —a preface written in 1925—Willa Cather boldly ranks this book with "The Scarlet Letter" and "Huckleberry Finn." Here, I think, affection rather than dispassionate judgment speaks. Mr. Cash's picture of the South is thoroughly informed, lively, deeply felt—a picture that in all its details will hold the reader's close attention. Bergson's book, one of his best, is beneath its engaging title really a study of human society or societies, and the possibility of passing from "the closed society to the open society," from the nation to humanity, from a social morality to a human morality; a passage which, he declares, can be achieved by no mere "broadening out," but only by a decisive leap of the *élan vital*. In "Teacher in America," Jacques Barzun, who is always a delight to read on any subject, writes of the profession he knows best, the limitations of teaching, the true nature of education, the best methods of conveying instruction in certain fields of knowledge, the bureaucratic organization of American universities, and the delights and rigors of the intellectual life. Not only is Professor Barzun a most intelligent man, replete with learning; he is also a very sensible and a very witty one—and his present subject gives his wit full play.

Malcolm Cowley's introduction enhances the value of "The Complete Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman" (Garden City Books, $3.95), a one-volume reprint of the Deathbed Edition (1891-92). Mr. Cowley says frankly and accurately that "Leaves of Grass" is "an extraordinary mixture of greatness, false greatness, and mediocrity . . . In no other book of great poems does one find so much trash that the poet should have recognized as trash before he set the first line of it on paper." Mr. Cowley is no less frank about Whitman's sexual bent, and he refuses to credit this member of "a homosexual group that met in Pfaff's and other Broadway lager-beer cellars" with the "versatility" attributed to him by some of his biographers. The justification for bringing the facts into the open is that the facts are the springs of the poetry.

The first volume of "Reformation Writings of Martin Luther" (Philosophical Library, $6), translated with introduction and notes from the Weimar edition by Bertram Lee Woolf, opens windows into the thought of one of the most effective writers who ever lived—one of the few writers ever able to shake and shape a world.

IN "Varied Harvest, A Miscellany of Writing by Barnard College Women, 1888-1953" (Putnam's, $4.50), Amy Loveman and her fellow editors have put together a pleasing collection of prose and verse. The revised edition of John Tasker's "Stephen Foster, America's Troubador" (Crowell, $5) contains, I am sure, all that anybody could care to know about the famous song writer. George Eliot's "Silas Marner" (Heritage, $5), illustrated by Lynton Lamb, is introduced by John T. Winterich, who calls it "a hell of a good story." Perhaps—but it is thin stuff compared to "Middlemarch." Also from the Heritage Press comes "Nicholas Nickleby" ($5), with amusingly appropriate illustrations, cleverly executed in color and in black-and-white by Steven Spurrier. "Introducing Africa," by Carveth Wells, a useful survey of the great continent arranged under geographical headings, has been reissued, revised and enlarged, by Putnam's ($5). The revised Oxford Standard Authors edition of Tennyson's "Works" ($3) adds the plays and the poems published between 1870 and 1892. And Harcourt, Brace have reprinted one of the fastest pace-makers in the field of "suspense" fiction—"Above Suspicion" ($3.75), by Helen MacInnes.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Jules Verne

Continued from page 10

to dive and play with the whales!" The girl's father heard him, flew into a rage, and banished the author forthwith. Monsieur Verne recovered, however, fell in love again, and this time married the girl—a handsome widow with two children.

With the help of his father, he now became a stockbroker. His financial position improved, but he continued to live in an attic and to write. At six o'clock in the mornings he was at his desk, producing articles on science for a children's magazine. Toward ten o'clock he shaved, put on striped trousers, and walked to his office in the stock exchange.

His first book was "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Fifteen publishers looked at it, sniffed, and sent it back. In a rage, Jules flung it into the fire. His wife rescued it and made him promise he would try once more. So Jules tucked the slightly charred manuscript under his arm and went around to show it to Pierre Hetzel.

The publisher was in bed, a cotton nightcap on his head. He read the book through as the fidgeting young author waited. Hetzel said he would publish it if Jules would rewrite it in the form of a novel.

In two weeks Jules was back. "Five Weeks in a Balloon" became a best seller, was translated into every civilized language. In 1862, at the age of thirty-four, its author was famous and a success. He gave up the stock exchange and signed a contract with Hetzel which bound him to the production of two novels a year.

His next book, "Voyage to the Center of the Earth," started his characters off down the crater of a volcano in Iceland. They went through a thousand adventures and finally came sliding out on a lava stream in Italy. Here was everything science knew or could guess about what went on in the bowels of the earth, pepped up with adventure and brought to life by the imagination of a novelist. Readers couldn't get enough of him. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had just finished the Suez Canal, was so enthusiastic he used his influence to get Jules Verne the Legion of Honor.

WHEN a son was born to the Vernes, they moved from Paris to Amiens. Money was flowing in. Jules converted an eight-ton fishing vessel into a yacht. As he grew rich, he bought a second and finally a third, the largest one then in existence. In Amiens he built a house with a tower, which contained a room that looked like a skipper's cabin. There, surrounded by globes and maps and books, he spent the last forty years of his life.

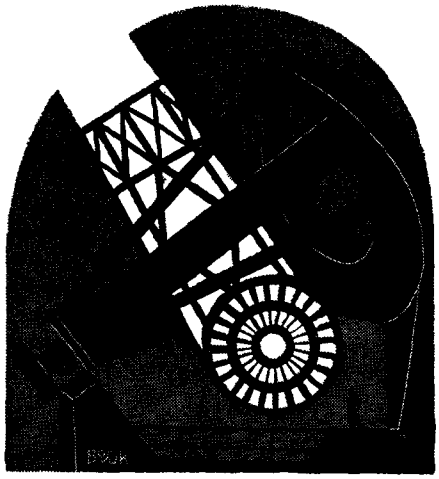
Rising at dawn, he wrote steadily until noon. His first copy was in pencil. This he reread and edited by writing over it in ink. He ate sparingly, mostly vegetables, and neither smoked nor drank. His afternoons went in research at the Amiens library. On the way home, toward evening, he always sat a few minutes in the park to feed the sparrows from a bag of bread crumbs he carried with him. At eight o'clock he was in bed.

Perhaps the best known of Verne's books is "Around the World in 80 Days." Serialized in *Le Temps*, of Paris, the progress of its hero aroused so much interest that New York and London correspondents sent cables daily to their newspapers reporting the imaginary Phileas Fogg's whereabouts.

In every country of Europe people made bets on whether Fogg would arrive in London in time to win his bet. Verne artfully kept this popular interest alive: his hero rescued an Indian widow from death on the suttee pyre, fell in love with her, and almost missed connections on her account; crossing the American plains he was attacked by Red Indians, and arrived in New York to see the ship that was to take him to England only a small speck on the horizon.

Cunard, White Star, and every other transatlantic steamship company offered Verne large sums of money if he would place Phileas Fogg aboard one of their ships. The author refused and had his hero charter a vessel. As the world held its breath, Fogg reached London with only minutes to spare, and won his bet.

A New York newspaper engaged a reporter called Nelly Bly to beat Phileas Fogg's record—she circled the world in seventy-seven days. A few years later she did it in seventy-three. Later, a British paper hired Colonel Burnley-Campbell, who lowered the mark to sixty-eight days. Verne, by then an ailing old man, hobbled to the Amiens railroad station to talk between trains to the fourth contender, a Frenchman, for the crown of Phileas Fogg. Thanks to the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, which the author had predicted many years before, the Frenchman had done it in forty-three days.



In "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" Verne developed a submarine, named the *Nautilus*, that was not only double-hulled and propelled by electricity but was able to do what two British scientists have just succeeded in doing experimentally—manufacture electricity from the sea. Simon Lake, father of the modern submarine, credits Verne with giving him virtually a blueprint for his invention.

Jules Verne, an intensely patriotic Frenchman, fell in love with America. He was captivated by the great spaces, the adventurous character of its people, the sweep of its engineering enterprises. Washington and Lincoln were his heroes, and his most prized possession was a letter on White House stationery, signed Kermit Roosevelt, which ended: "My father [Theodore Roosevelt] asks me to mention that he has read all your books and enjoyed them immensely."

Eleven of his books dealt entirely with the United States and in most of the others there were American characters.

One of the most prescient, and least read, of his novels is "The Diary of an American Journalist in the Year 2890." The hero, Francis Bennett, is a descendant of James Gordon Bennett, the famed editor and owner of the New York *Herald*. New York, now called Universal City, is the capital of the world. Bennett edits a newspaper called the *Earth Herald*, which has 80,000,000 readers. Its reporters TV their news from Jupiter, Mars, and Venus and subscribers see what is happening in their own living rooms. Highways 100 yards wide are walled in by skyscrapers 1000 feet tall. Climate is controlled and crops grow at the North Pole. Advertising is projected on the clouds. In one scene, the hero is in New York, his wife in Paris, but they dine as if they were face to face, a typically

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Harold Frederic. 2. Agnes Sligh Turnbull. 3. Hall Caine. 4. Paul Wellman. 5. S. R. Crockett. 6. Winston Churchill. 7. Anthony Trollope. 8. Ralph Connor. 9. Mary O'Hara. 10. Henry Morton Robinson. 11. William Dean Howells. 12. Willa Cather. 13. Neil Gardner White. 14. Bruce Marshall. 15. Mrs. Humphry Ward. 16. Harold Bell Wright. 17. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 18. Margaret Deland. 19. James M. Barrie. 20. Marie Corelli.

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conjugal meal with conversation proceeding normally, screen to screen.

Reading through Verne's books, one finds it hard to believe that they were written almost 100 years ago. Verne's "sky-scanner," at least eighty years before Palomar, had a reflector of almost exactly the same dimensions as the great telescope. The people of his fancy made diamonds synthetically, developed a convertible automobile-ship-helicopter-plane, and fired glass bullets containing an electric spark instantly fatal.

PERHAPS the most amusing of his stories concerns a drowsy Flemish village into which oxygen is suddenly piped. The city wakes up. Everybody starts making love to everyone else. The jails, which have stood empty for years, fill up. And the author poses the question—which we have regarded as a modern one—whether morality, after all, is merely a question of chemistry.

The last years of Jules Verne were not happy ones. Intellectual circles sneered at him. Despite the fact he was the most read French writer of his generation, he was not elected a member of the French Academy. Gossips said there was no such man as Jules Verne. Most literary figures let themselves be seen, gave interviews; Verne, living out of Paris, was virtually unknown. The Russians, starting what was to become a habit, claimed him as a Slav, a Pole and former espionage agent who had taken to letters. Italian intellectuals said Jules Verne was the pen name of a group of French scientists and delegated the novelist Eduardo de Amicis to go to France to find the proof. De Amicis examined the manuscripts, some half finished, and departed wholly convinced. To his colleagues he wired: "There is no Jules Verne and Company—there is only Jules."

Misfortunes piled up. He had diabetes. His eyes failed so that he was almost blind. Finally, his hearing started to go. His last books were black novels, filled with a fear of the coming of tyrants and totalitarianism. Even in this his gift of prophecy held true.

Jules Verne died in 1905. The world attended his funeral, including all who had sneered and gossiped, the thirty members of the French Academy, the diplomatic corps, and special representatives of kings and presidents.

Of all the thousands of words of praise uttered at his death, Jules Verne would have liked best these two sentences from a Paris newspaper: "The old story teller is dead. It is like the passing of Santa Claus."

I Found America

Continued from page 11

people who told me with pride that they had once lived in our country or had visited it. One time I particularly wished the American taxpayers could have looked in was when a delightful old lady of ninety-one greeted me. She was Mrs. Ada Daggett, who emigrated from Yorkshire with her joiner husband and traveled by covered wagon to Colorado in 1886; her eldest daughter was the first white child born in Amherst, Colorado. The family returned to Yorkshire in 1901. Mrs. Daggett told of her pioneering days when the West was still wild, how her husband worked on the railroad and she cooked for the men. I was reminded of old lore heard at home of my grandparents and great-grandparents trekking out to Kansas from Ohio, also via covered wagon, in a still earlier period shortly after the Civil War; they ran a store in Emporia and lived next door to the family of the famous Kansas editor, the late William Allen White, until they and many other settlers lost all they had when a plague of grasshoppers darkened the skies and devoured practically everything in sight. Thus did Leeds bring back America to me, the temporary expatriate.

Then there was the oldtimer who wanted up-to-date information on mining territory he had prospected in many long years ago. An elderly couple of Christian Scientists professed special fondness for my country in general and Boston in particular as the home of Mary Baker Eddy. Perhaps our most unusual visitor was a spiritualist claiming to be in regular communication with a deceased American Indian; she informed us she had been delighted to see in our Indian section a garment virtually identical with the one worn by her "guide."

The finest tribute we received at the exhibition came from a former Leeds University professor. He had never been to our country and regretted he would probably never go; he was too old. He spent hours with us, chiefly among the books, lingering until after closing time. As he took leave of us, he remarked, with deep sincerity: "I found America!"

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DISCRIMINATING family desires summer rental, prefers Tanglewood area. Piano and activities for children essential. One or two months. Box S-883.

DRIVING WEST? Two young men, good drivers, want transportation to ranch leaving June 15. Box S-884.

WANTED: Position as children's companion by college junior. Will take full responsibility. Box S-886.

MOST UNUSUAL and agreeable setup for a few guests who enjoy the mountains. Private baths. We like Books, Nature, Music, and Roquefort Cheese. Bridge players or creative workers appreciated. Cherry Lane Farm, Fletcher, N. C.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a Toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

WIDOW wishes quiet cottage or guest house in Florida. Lease by month. Box S-894.

PRINCETON GRADUATE STUDENT, PBK, Columbia College A.B., will tutor liberal arts subjects. Box S-887.

PERSONALS

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

VETERAN, interpreter, translator, 10 years Paris, French absolutely sans accent, seeks position related fields. Box S-863.

WOMAN WRITER supplies historical data on things of Florida origin and interest. Box 87, Venice, Florida.

BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS. Catalogues. Postpaid. Bartlett Hendricks, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Mass.

YOUNG, EDUCATED COUPLE, law student and experienced teacher, desire interesting summer positions. References exchanged. Box S-866.

GRANNY GUINN WRITES WEEKLY LETTERS about her real Virginia farm. If your favorite 4 to 8-year-old doesn't have a rural grandmother who shares her farm experiences, ask Granny Guinn to be a proxy grandmother via mail. Farm surprises every other week. Gift card. Letters are 6 for $1; 13, $2; 26, $4. Write GRANNY GUINN, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

NO OTHER GIFT can give the supreme pleasure of a colorful, ancestral Coat of Arms. Our records cover approximately 220,000 families. HERALDRY INTERNATIONAL, 609 Market St., Williamsport, Pa.

D. H. LAWRENCE collectors: New, limited edition "PANSIES," foreword signed by Frieda Lawrence. $3 plus 13¢ postage. Cash with order. Taos Book Shop, Taos, New Mexico.

JOURNALISTS: Large German family magazine seeks exciting articles (serials). Answers preferably in German. Box S-875.

ARABIAN folding leather coin purse. Handmade, gold embossed. Unusual Morocco import. Red, green, white, yellow, brown, black. $1.50 each prepaid. No COD's. CROWDEN IMPORTS, 80A East Main, Peru, Indiana.

YOUNG TEACHER, individual instruction experience, desires summer position traveling with family as governess. Box S-876.

FOR SALE: Book and gift shop in New England college town. Select clientele. Box S-839.

WANTED: Experienced secretary for interesting work in academic department girls' college Westchester County, N. Y. Delightful suburban setting; attractive salary. Box S-853.

FOR HIRE: Experience in adult education as discussion leader and administrator, editorial work in university press, ability to speak German and French, able writing background, intellectual mind but not "intellectualistic," zest for broader experience, and a desire to serve. Age 28. Box S-857.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

WANTED: Boarders. Complete seclusion. Hilltop brick home, mountain surrounded. Gardens. Swimming, riding, golf, summer theaters nearby. Londonderry, Vermont. Box S-849.

EVELYN SCOTT, American novelist, returned after many years abroad, would be grateful for address of her son Creighton Scott and his family. Box S-831.

EXPERIENCED young theatrical director available for semi-professional group. Will consider summer position; prefers permanent directorship. Box S-848.

WISH summer job as companion for young children. Experienced, highest references. Will travel anywhere; licensed driver. Box S-851.

FRANKFURTER'S "CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI" available again. $3. Ask your bookseller or ACADEMIC REPRINTS, Box 3003, Stanford, Calif. Free catalogue.

WASHINGTON, D.C., thrilling ALL-EXPENSE, YEAR-ROUND PACKAGE offers 2 to 5-day SIGHTSEEING TOURS of Washington-Mt. Vernon-Annapolis, including air-conditioned room with bath at famous ROGER SMITH HOTEL, 2 blocks from White House. From $12.50 per person for 2 days. Special meal package available. Write Stanley Livingstone, Manager, Roger Smith Hotel, Washington, D.C., for Folder G.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

RARE, old-fashioned yellow Harrison Trees—bloom early May; $3. Surprise collection 15 old-fashioned Virginia flowers, well-rooted; $1.50. K. Keenan, Dillwyn, Virginia.

VERSATILE, personable woman desires position; companion, secretarial abilities, some cooking, accounts, travel. Box S-899.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CHOICE LAND in New Canaan, Connecticut, near Silvermine Art Guild. Ideal building sites for substantial homes. Plots from 2 to 10 acres. Box S-891.

BUSINESS FOR SALE

OVERLEA INN and 8 acres land (official Inn for Bennington College). North Bennington, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

1773 COLONIAL SALT BOX. 4 fireplaces, Dutch oven, 7 rooms, bath, electricity, barn; 40 acres; fruit, garden, Mountain Lake. 1 mile to Warwick, Massachusetts. Attractive price. Box S-893.

HALF-ACRE island Maine lake, furnished or unfurnished. 5 bedrooms, electricity, running water, fireplace, porches, sunroom, boathouse. John Cleveland, Norway, Maine.

THOUSAND ISLANDS: *Two Canadian isles*, St. Lawrence. New camp cabins "Startop," "Skytop"; furniture. $3,900. Box S-897.

SUNNY 4-bedroom home. Oil burner, electric kitchen, fireplace, 2 acres. $15,000. Chichester, Mahopac, New York.

AT LONDONDERRY, VERMONT, on highway from Manchester, Vermont, to Chester, Vermont; converted mill on West River, 2 stories high with good *attic and dry cellar, suitable for summer family or* group occupancy, or can be adapted for winter ski lodge; about 3 acres surrounding land. Asking price: $10,000. Communicate with me for further information or examination of the property. Photo*graphs on request.* Gerald G. Walker, Agent, South Londonderry, Vermont, telephone 86.

14 ACRES LAND, beautiful view, on State Highway. 2 cabins, electricity in, artesian well. A healthy spot. August Sevin, Milford, Pa.

JUST-COMPLETED ranch house on lovely wooded 2-acre lot in North Haven, near the Hamptons, Long Island. Private beach privileges on Shelter Island Sound. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Attached 2-car *garage leads to secluded office. Perfect for writer,* composer, executive. $24,000. Box S-869.

WARWICK, N. Y. Beautifully furnished, pine-paneled, year-round cottage; 5½ acres, private road, trout stream, brook, swimming pool, 15x20 living room, fireplace. $13,900. Telephone Albert Corallo, MUrray Hill 3-9814 (NYC).

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. Lovely old New England farmhouse, remodeled, in excellent condition. 5 bed*rooms, oil furnace, 2-car garage.* 60 acres, new horse barn, wonderful riding, skiing. $29,000. Owner Miles Hayes, Woodstock, Vt.

CASPIAN LAKE, VERMONT—7 rooms and bath, furnished. $6,500. Box S-878.

For Summer Rental

PARADISE for Writer, Artist. Wooded seclusion, own private beach. 50 miles out, Long Island Sound; enormous baking Fireplace. Smith, COlumbus 5-8025 (NYC).

MAINE SUMMER PLACE, Hancock Point. Magnifi*cent view Mt. Desert Island across Frenchman's Bay.* 400-foot shoreline. 8 acres woodland. Main house: 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, living room, glass-enclosed porch and dining room, kitchen, electric refrigerator, gas stove. Boathouse contains living room, bedroom, bath, kitchenette, dock. 3-car garage. Completely furnished except bedding and linen. $600 for season. $1,750 with 17-foot sailboat. Apply Mrs. Kate Hanson, 79 Horatio St., NYC.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

BERKSHIRES—Summer rental or sale. 7-room house, comfortably furnished, all conveniences. 120 acres woods and fields, large pond, 2 brooks. 20 minutes to Tanglewood. For information, pictures write Box S-890.

EARLY AMERICAN HOUSE, attractively furnished. 8 *rooms, 3 baths, maid's room and bath. Beautifully* planted; rose garden, lily pool, herb garden, private beach. Overlooks Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts Harbor. Owner occupied 25 summers. Season $2,000. Jewett, Shoreham, Long Island, N. Y. 4-2276.

HOME in New Hampshire—180 acres land. Summer or all year. Agnes M. Lewis, Box 203, Woodstock, Vermont.

POCONOS—Deluxe housekeeping cottages on stream, private estate. Fireplaces. Quiet, cool for *discriminating guests.* Box S-867.

FIRE ISLAND, N.Y. 7-room house, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, fireplace. Monthly or season. Box S-868.

BARN STUDIO, $110 entire season June-November. Writer's Vermont mountain farm. Box S-873.

CONNECTICUT, NEW MILFORD. 2 complete modern homes, each with 3 bedrooms, on 22 high, secluded acres. Near swimming, boating, fishing. 75 miles NYC. $600 each house. SUsquehanna 7-5400 (NYC); ELgin 4-5896 (Conn.).

TRAVEL

EUROPE. 58 days. 11 countries. $699 up. Fourth Tour. Box S-537.

ORIGINS OF NEW ENGLAND, a travel course on wheels. June 28 to July 9; 3 hours credit at Boston University. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, *Massachusetts.*

VACATIONS

SCHROON CREST on SCHROON LAKE, Adult Summer Resort. Resident Staff, Band. Home of Adirondack Folk Song and Dance Festivals. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570, or MAin 4-1230.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet *informal country life,* good food, comfortable beds.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach. Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theaters. The BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, ex*cellent food.* NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for June in the Berkshires. Tennis, swimming, fishing, sunning —good food, records, and books. Complimentary *golf June weekdays.*

ADIRONDACK VACATION—Stimulating people, luscious food. Private swimming pool, lake, tennis, trout river. Golf. Brochure: AAA Austin's Cobble Mountain Lodge and cottages, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

BERKSHIRE BOUND? *Join Folk-Guitar-Recorder* Workshop, Lenox, Box S-832.

MOHICAN HILLS, Brewster, N.Y. Gracious weekends. Delectable food. Very reasonable. 50 miles New York. Telephone Patterson, N.Y., 3104.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, *Lenox, Massachusetts. Quiet,* restful place. Recordings, tennis, fireplaces, folk dancing, informal. Reserve now June honeymoon, vacation, and Tanglewood concert season. Telephone Lenox 367W; NYC LUxemburg 2-1165.

SHOREHAME CLUB, Old Greenwich, Connecticut. May 28-October 1. A residence club with private beach on Long Island Sound. Tennis, badminton courts. Congenial company, fine food, charming surroundings make this an ideal summer home for the whole family. Special facilities for children. *Moderate rates.* Churches and golf nearby. Excellent commuting service. Write for brochure or telephone Old Greenwich 7-0192.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N.Y. *At 2,100 feet elevation, 600 acres surrounded by Adi*rondack Forest. Mountain and Lake recreation. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. Meals varied and best. Booklet, American plan rates on request.

VACATIONS

TEA AND CRUMPETS in the kitchen nighttime bring a feeling of conviviality at informal SOUTHWIND Woodbourne, N.Y.

TUILAUVENT—Ideal for self-sufficient people looking for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful countryside 50 miles from New York. Swimming, boating, fishing nearby. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. *Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster,* N.Y. BRewster 9-3154.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 weekly. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Brunswick, Maine.

A BERKSHIRE LAKE RESORT for adults. Swimming from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP records. Golf 2 miles. Tanglewood 4 miles. Telephone 552. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts.

IT'S EASY, honest. You write, then we write. We're Stephanie Barber at MUSIC INN in Lenox, Mass. And you?

LIKE THE COUNTRY? *Come to Graymont, a Colo*nial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. *The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.*

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails. Beautiful swimming pool. Sun pavilion. Tennis and handball courts. Library. Recordings. Informal dancing. Easy transportation. *110 miles from NYC in Greene County.* Superb American-Jewish cooking. Reasonable rates. Reservation or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL! Just across the road from AVALOCH INN! You will enjoy full resort facilities in a non-commercial atmosphere. Write AVALOCH, Dept. D, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone: Lenox 41.

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. *Beautiful private island.* All *conveniences.* Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout *stream. Swimming,* horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hor*tonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding* nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

RARE CHARM of intimate, congenial group. CAMP *TIMBERLAND, informal Adirondack adult camp,* Pottersville, N.Y. Sports, lake, dancing, theatre workshop. NYC office, 33 West 42 St., LOngacre 5-3674.

STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, *beauty-loving, peace-loving, food-loving types wel*come. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, Maine (10 miles at sea!). Booklet?

THREE VILLAGE INN, Stony Brook, N.Y., on Long Island Sound in Suffolk County. Colonial setting, delicious food, informal, swimming, boating.

BERKSHIRES. If you love France, you'll love SUNINSIDE. Ideal for peace-loving gourmets. Monterey, Massachusetts.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Eleva*tion 2000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beauti*ful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

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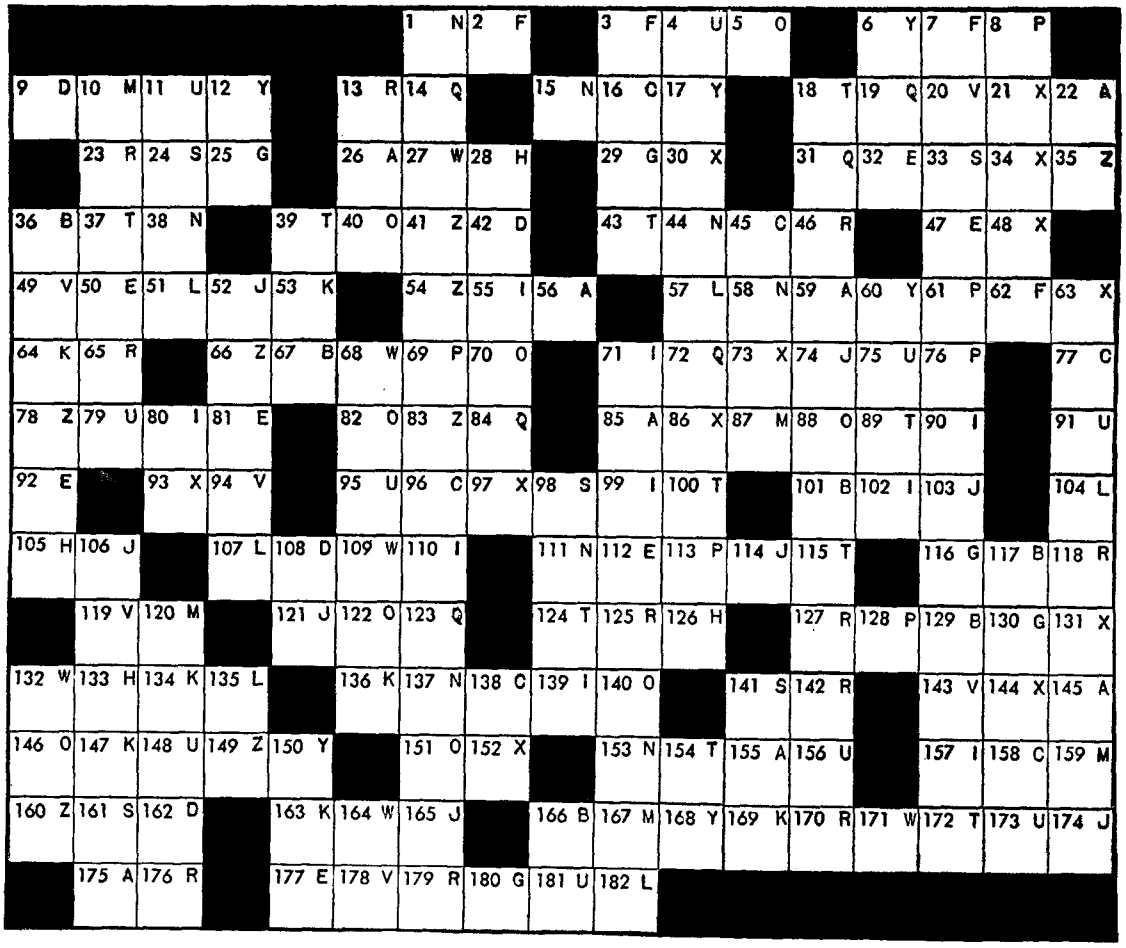
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1054

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In a state near death.	145 26 59 175 85 155 56 22
B. Exciting the sympathies, passions, etc.	101 117 67 166 129 36
C. Rightful heir to the throne, Shakespeare's "King John."	96 158 77 16 138 45
D. Thriving period in Japanese history, 8th cent., named for city first permanent capital of emperors.	42 9 162 108
E. Equipped with power to see.	92 47 81 50 32 112 177
F. French dress designer.	2 3 62 7
G. Specially shaped mass of metal.	29 116 180 130 25
H. Adam's grandson who lived to be 905.	28 133 105 126
I. Surname, victims in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."	71 110 139 157 55 80 102 90 99
J. Characteristic which Mr. Stryver in "Tale of Two Cities" considered himself to possess but Sydney Carton not.	106 174 165 74 114 121 52 103
K. A shadowing forth of something abstract, incorporeal.	136 53 163 64 134 169 147
L. Claims to property.	182 51 104 107 57 135
M. Given name, Word Y.	87 120 10 167 159
N. Seaport resort town, Maine, Mass., Nova Scotia, England.	153 137 38 111 1 44 15 58
O. Full name, British Indian civil servant who founded a great univ. in U.S.	140 122 151 40 88 70 82 5 145
P. A Girl Guide over 16 years of age.	69 61 128 76 8 113
Q. Any copper coin.	14 19 84 123 72 31
R. One of the best of the college football songs (2 wds.).	142 23 118 127 65 170 13 176 46 125 179
S. Surname, victim in story Poe called a sequel to "Murder in the Rue Morgue."	33 24 98 161 141
T. Deserving attention; remarkable.	172 154 89 37 18 43 100 39 124 115
U. Fabulous, unlikely.	91 75 173 156 181 95 79 148 4 11
V. Exact antonym of *large* in its true Latin sense.	94 178 143 20 119 49
W. Number of galleys in which St. Ursula was transporting her 11,000 virgins to France, from the old legend.	132 164 68 109 171 27
X. Type of fine bobbin lace from France, much imitated.	73 34 21 86 97 131 93 144 152 48 63 30
Y. Amer. woman dancer, painter, author, creator of new theater form combining several arts (1907- —).	60 168 6 17 150 12
Z. Pertaining to marriage.	78 160 54 149 35 66 41 83



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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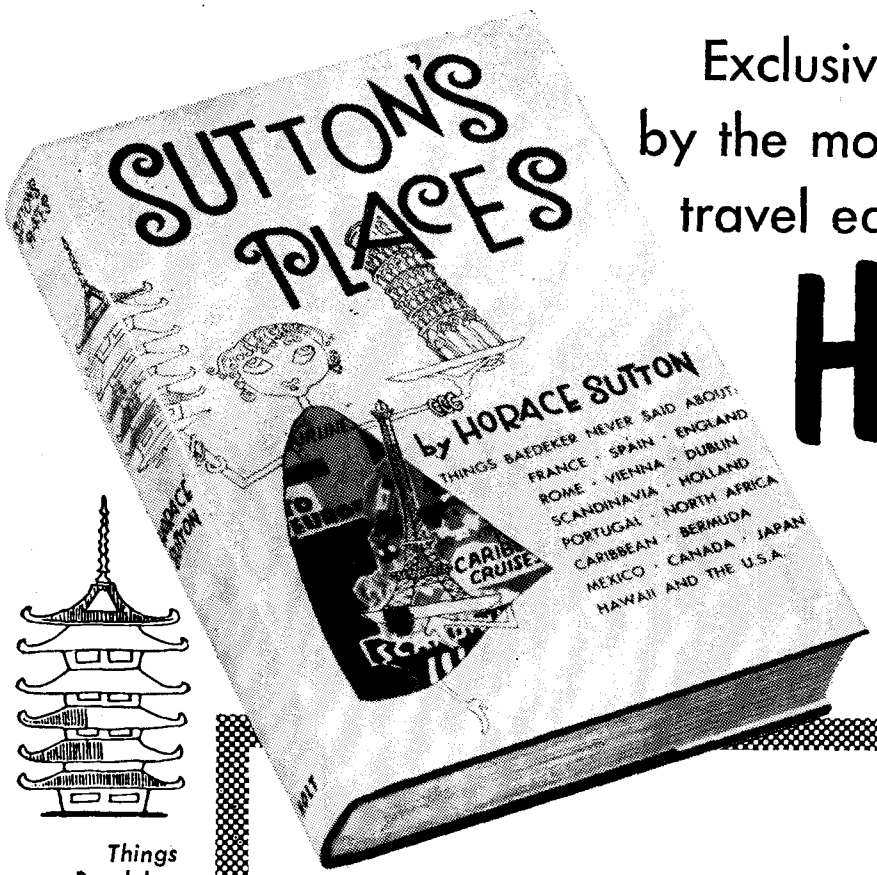
Exclusive tips on travel by the most-traveled travel editor in the business

Horace Sutton



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